

Sting

AMERICA'S SATIRICAL MAGAZINE



JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1985 \$2.00

John DeLorean

MAN OF THE YEAR

INSIDE:

JOHN BRENNAN
MAN OF THE YEAR

JOE SYLVESTER
RONAEROBICS

PAT KITE
ONLY A SHORT DRIVE

CLIFFORD GALLO
WAIST WATCHERS

MICHAEL BYWATER
CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF

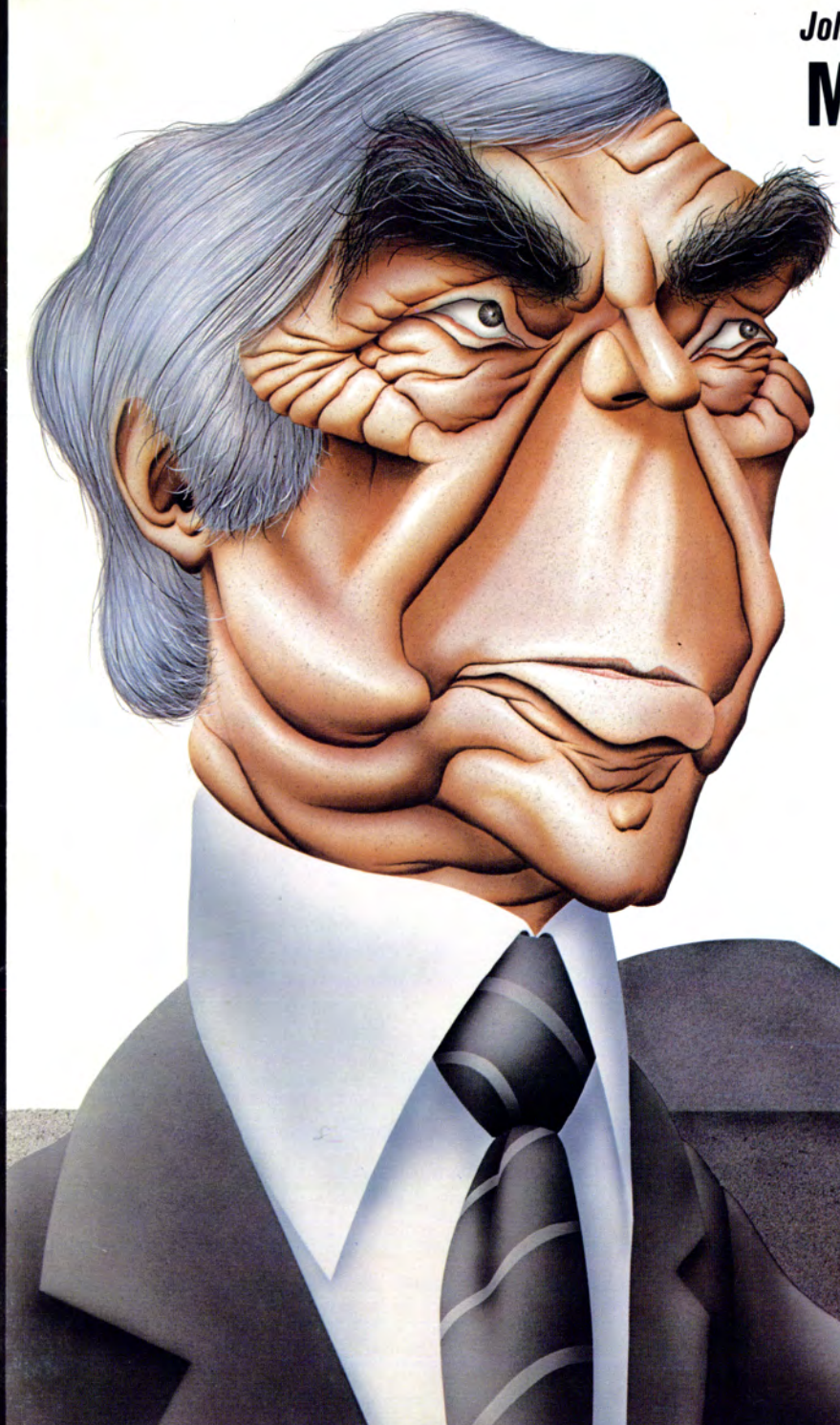




PHOTO CARTOONS

Joseph G.
Szabo



Each Sting Starts Here ...

Ah, the foibles of fortune. Just imagine how difficult it must be to be the victim of a "sting" that sends slivers through your reputation, shatters your securities, and slashes the very pockets of your pants with thundering righteousness. And then imagine how doubly devastating it must be to be found "not guilty" — to be turned loose into a world suddenly bereft of life's luxuries — stranded without a spoon in the ragout of life. The shock of such a tragedy would be enough to make one turn to drugs for respite. And then to see your faithful wife turn tail after telling even Phil that she would "stand by her man" forever ... A normal mortal would certainly have quietly disappeared into the bowels of some Bolivian bungalow and taken a job as social director for an easy-going Nazi. But ... in the spirit of true democracy ... in the country of true justice ... in the land of the liberal hot tub ... there is another answer for the truly villified. Beg. Or plead, complain and cajole. Or better yet take out an ad. Our enterprising cover boy wonder has done it all. We at STING are delighted to wiggle our well-flared nostrils in salute to the victimized Cocaine King ... John DeLorean, pedastaled in John Brennan's inside look at the man of our schemes ...

The bite of Bella Donna this month will take you into the very tubes of "The New CBS," revealing just what Neilson can do with his ratings when Jesse Helms takes over ... and Joe Sylvester reveals the amazing secret behind Ronald Reagan's good health. In a lighter vein, Clifford Gallo offers appropriate post-holiday tips for "Waist Watchers" and the inimitable Pat Kite lets us ride shotgun on a memorable trip to the airport. Zip codes get zapped by Charles Larson in "Divestiture of the Postal Service." Michael Bywater introduces us to a truly fantastic feline in Cat On A Hot Tin Roof and we welcome Henry Mazel to our madcap gallery with his helpful album of "The Lesser Known Members of the Politburo."

Pictures speak as no words could get away with in the provocative work of artist Gustave Karlsson and as usual, our editorial cartoonists from around the globe take a big bites into the egos and eccentricities of international events.

So, let the snow fall where it may and enjoy a good Sting. (John did.)

John DeLorean

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Every weekday morning, nine months of the year, millions of American students stand up in their classrooms and pledge allegiance to our country's flag. However, some people would make that pledge in a slightly different way if they were allowed to, as shown in these examples of

By William Garvin

How Different People Would Recite "The Salute to the Flag" (if they had the chance)

LAWYERS:

I ^{the party of the first part.}pledge allegiance to the ^{governmental entity known as}flag of the ^{in addition,}United States of America ^{the aforementioned object}and to the ^{the Deity}republic for which ^{everyone who has wisely provided himself}it stands, one nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all ^{and/or herself with adequate legal representation.}

ADMEN:

I pledge ^{obedience}allegiance to the ^{flacks}flag of the ^{Madison Avenue}United States of America ^{markets to}and to the ^{they pitch}republic for which ^{of consumers}it stands, one nation ^{the influence}under God, ^{of TV and the other media,}indivisible, with liberty ^{to hawk all kinds of junk to everybody.}and justice for all ^{impressionable}

POLITICIANS:

I pledge ^{lip service}allegiance to the ^{electorate}flag of the United States of America ^{votes}and to the ^{represents}republic for which ^{of pressure groups}it stands, one nation ^{often}under God, ^{on Election Day,}indivisible, with ^{special legislation and secret deals}liberty and justice for all ^{who contribute to our campaigns.}

PUNK ROCK SINGERS:

I pledge allegiance to the ^{concerts}flag of the ^{hey man, I forgot the name of the country}United States of America ^{look}and to the ^{they bring me}republic for which ^{of, like, screaming fans}it stands, one nation ^{a frenzy}under God, ^{ticket sale ripoffs}indivisible, with ^{deafness}liberty and justice for all ^{who attend.}

BUREAUCRATS:

I pledge allegiance to the ^{government paperwork}flag of the United States of America ^{redtape, confusion and wasteful spending}and to the ^{sometimes}republic for which ^{the I.R.S.}it stands, one nation ^{timidated}under God, ^{regulations}indivisible, with ^{frustration}liberty and justice for all ^{who fill out our forms in triplicate,}being careful not to fold, crease or mutilate them.

PLUMBERS:

I pledge ^{gratitude}allegiance to the ^{stopped-up sinks and toilets}flag of the United States of America ^{profits}and to the ^{they bring}republic for which ^{of panic-stricken}it stands, one nation ^{homeowners}under God, ^{out hot water or flushing — and therefore willing to pay our exorbitant}indivisible, with ^{repair bills!}liberty and justice for all ^{ripe for plucking,}

Letters

To The Editor:

Love your magazine; my subscription money is already in the mail! I'm looking forward to it!

Yours,

S. Dewar
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

To The Editor:

Kindly be advised that Jane Bird does a great injustice to all living Englishmen by her failure to recognize the great honour bestowed by the Queen on Sir Clive Sinclair in Her 1983 New Year's Honours List (Dec. 1984).

The Knighthood of the Realm (i.e. Sir before your name) is awarded solely for outstanding achievements. It is with the maintenance of such standards in mind that I invite all Sting readers to petition the Queen (c/o Buckingham Palace, London UK).

Enoch Powell, M.P., the greatest Englishman alive, is well deserving of those honours as his sanctity, dignity and wisdom demand. This leading wit, politician, philosopher and orator of our age, whose opinions on the Unionist cause and the new Commonwealth attract worldwide support, *must* be recognized.

Yours for the cause,

A. Tilley
Hicksville, NY

To The Editor:

Just finished the third copy of Sting. Keep up the good work.

All the best, and continued good luck.
Sincerely,

C. Bayer
New York, NY

To The Editor:

Death of a Liberal recalled a real loss of a young friend recently. When a growing-up friend dies, something of our past goes with it ... a tiny crumble, a story without an ending. When I think of it, I get sort of sad. Which is why, for so many of us, humor is so important. The ability to laugh at the vagaries, to ward away the sorrows for 15 minutes, half an hour, an hour. A blessing truly.

P. Kite
Newark, CA

P.S. Very very good — Lois Glewwe in The New Dating Game hit it on the nail.

STING - Jan./Feb. 1985

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Vol. No. 1 Issue No. 4 Jan./Feb. 1985

Sting

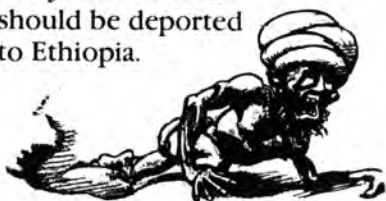
OF THE MONTH

John DeLorean has balls. That's a given. But, runner-up for the ballsiest, for the one who actually has the gall, the chutzpah, to ask us to believe ... the one who has people fuming and steaming and tut-tutting, is none other than Joanna Carson. She and her attorney have the audacity to tell us that \$44,600 a month isn't enough to live on. She needs another \$6,000! Come off it! So what if Johnny is a millionaire many times over and MUST be a creep to be married to — nobody can actually spend that much money. (Or have the guts to admit it, in any case!)

Her list of expenses includes monthly bills of \$1,400 for groceries — my God, what does she eat? \$6,000 a month for gifts to friends and relatives — like poor dear Truman AND \$42,000 a month for clothes!!! That's the ultimate. Who gets her hand-me-downs?

Now, of course, dear Joanna had originally asked for \$220,000 a month — that supposedly would maintain her in the manner to which Johnny accustomed her.

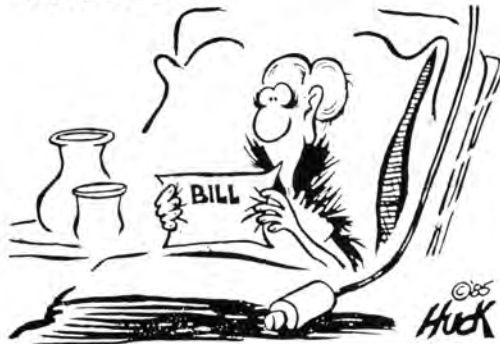
I have one request — give her the \$6,000 grand — but she's just got to be on *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. This has to be seen to be believed. If she refuses, both she and John DeLorean should be deported to Ethiopia.



...IF YOU DON'T HAVE YOUR **HEALTH**...



...INDEED!!



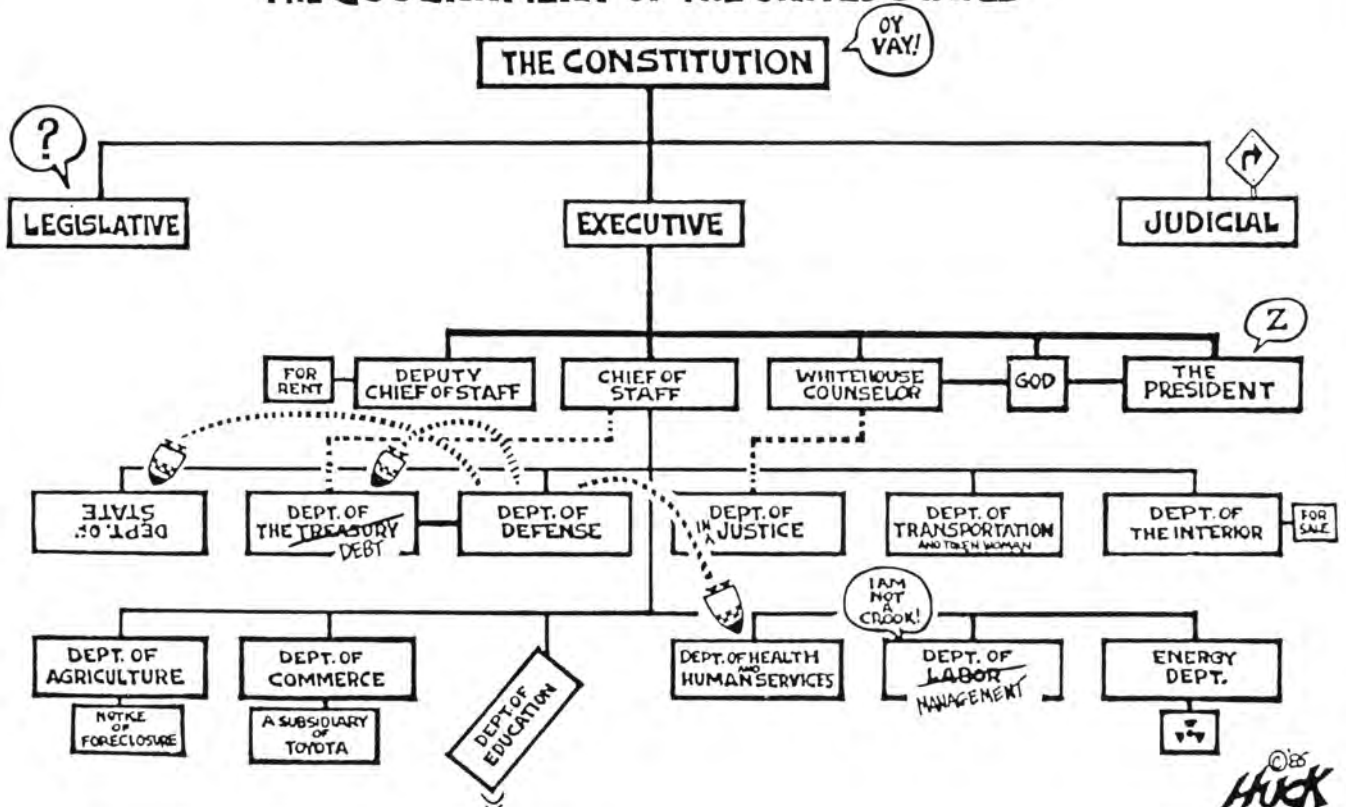
HUCK

SAN FRANCISCO SKYLINE



Benjamin
Sacramento Bee


THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES



HUCK

MO

by John
Brennan



There was a time when selecting a man-of-the-year was a boring and predictable task. Editors sat grumpily around a cigarette-scarred table and mulled through the list of nominations. Popes, presidents, pre-eminent politicians and prolix preachers were perennially proposed. One year was the same as the last. The editors of *Time* eventually became so fed up with the entire process that they once nominated a machine for man-of-the-year rather than a genuine human being. The editors of *Sting* are determined not to fall into the dullness trap. They made their choice for *Sting*'s first man-of-the-year only after weeks of thoughtful, carefully considered argument. When this didn't work they fought it out desk to desk.

Insults hurled through the air like javelins. Friendships were smashed like glass Christmas tree ornaments dropped to the floor. The final decision was made only after a series of Indian wrestling bouts during which all nominees were eliminated save one.

Man-of-the-year fever has infected many otherwise sensible institutions. *Family Circle* will soon announce its first "Mr. Mom-of-the-year" in honor of domestic role reversals. *Bon Appetit* is selecting a Gastroenterologist-of-the-year. *Penthouse* is determined to reveal, in more ways than one, its Slut-of-the-year and *The Wall Street Journal* will soon publish the name of its first Ponzi-of-the-year named after the infamous Boston swindler.

Even staid *Field and Stream* is not immune to man-of-the-year delirium. Arguments over whom to choose became so heated that some senior staff members threatened to cross fishing poles on the field of honor. Cooler heads eventually brought about a compromise and a rainbow trout from Utah was named man-of-the-year instead.

an of the Year

Soldier of Fortune editors became so involved in selecting a guerilla mercenary-of-the-year that many editors began to wear camouflaged clothing to work and to pile sandbags in front of their desks. *Psychology Today* and *Mad Magazine* are so furious with one another that the rift may never heal. It seems *Psychology Today* handed its prestigious Manic-Depressive-of-the-year award to the same leading member of the Democratic party to whom *Mad Magazine* planned to present its Wimp-of-the-year trophy.

But who has been selected to be *Sting's* first Man-of-the-year? What was the criteria? The person selected certainly should have had a major impact on the news during 1984. The selectee should also be important and interesting in more than one field. May wife says he should also be handsome. There is one man that matches all these criteria.

Sting's Man-of-the-year for 1984 is none other than Stinger/Stingee John DeLorean. His gangling shadow fell across the front pages for months during 1984. People scooped up newspapers and glommed at the television news in the same way they stared at soap operas. What would happen in the latest episode of the John DeLorean story? He was even bigger than runner-up Claus Von Bulow. In fact there are many who believe that if John DeLorean had been Geraldine Ferraro's running mate in the 1984 election, Ronald Reagan might not have had it so easy.

You might ask why we didn't pick Ronnie as Man-of-the-year. Now if *Sting* had been around in 1980 there is little doubt but that the Californian cowboy would have been our first choice. But not in 1984 with its Big Brother Orwellian connotations. Reagan is the man people hope will save them from Big Brother. Walter Mondale, however, with his Big Government, Big Brother platform would have been 1984 personified had he but won.

No, we didn't select Walter Mondale. We didn't select Ronald Reagan. It was John DeLorean who braved the period of 1984 and survived. If the dread caveat, "Big Brother is watching you!" applied to anyone in 1984 it applied to the man whom a major magazine called a renegade car maker.

Big Brother had not only been watch-

ing John DeLorean but had also filmed his every move. It was all there in those grainy black and white prints. Yet John triumphed with a not guilty verdict. He deserves the *Sting* nomination as Man-of-the-year for he has indeed stung the stingers.

John DeLorean also earned the Man-of-the-year selection by his expertise in foreign affairs and economics. His path to the honor began when he left General Motors in 1975. He wanted to set up his own dream car company and produce a car than even Ralph Nader would stand in line to buy.

DeLorean looked the whole world over to find a place to build his dream car in peace. He didn't want to manufacture in the United States where labor costs were too high and where he felt his dream car might follow the Packard, DeSoto and Hudson Terraplane into oblivion. He wanted his factory in a garden spot where eager workers would come to love him as well as his product. Beirut was too far away. He chose Belfast, Northern Ireland.

There is another reason why John is our Man-of-the-year. He convinced the government of Great Britain to invest \$156 million in his company. He thus became the first American since Franklin D. Roosevelt began the Lend-Lease program more than forty years ago to get more than a farthing from Her Majesty's government. President Reagan could do worse than placing John DeLorean in charge of collecting the vast sums the Third World owes us.

John DeLorean deserves to be 1984 Man-of-the-year because when his sports car factory went broke he never blinked an eye. This action places him in the elite category of American leaders and social planners who have also dreamed up programs that have flopped and from which they have calmly walked. These programs include the Great Society, food stamps, affirmative action, forced busing and the Scarsdale Diet Plan, (which perhaps should not be included since its founder died of lead poisoning a few years back one slug at a time.) The main difference between DeLorean's sports car factory flop and government programs that fail is that when DeLorean's project flopped it flopped for good, whereas failed government projects seem to go on forever.

DeLorean showed he anticipated our Man-of-the-year honors when he named his sports car after himself. This shows the wisdom of having a euphonious name. DeLorean sort of rolls off the tongue and conjures up images of sophistication and adventure. If Humphrey Bogart were alive and young he would drive a DeLorean. Imagine trying to sell a racy automobile if it were called a Mondale. Imagine trying to get your Dole up over thirty miles an hour.

John DeLorean deserves our nomination because he did so unexpectedly well in show business. He is expected to win an Emmy as "best TV actor in a dramatic mini-series." Who can forget that arresting scene when the FBI snaps the cuffs on our hero? It's been shown on television almost as often as Doug Flutie's pass.

John's acting was so good we thought the scene was real. It wasn't until the government showed the jury the films and DeLorean's lawyears had a chance to explain that we realized John was only acting. We had believed right up to that point he was a willing participant in the drug deal which was worth \$24 million. And to think he never took a lesson in acting!

Great acting ability apparently runs in the DeLorean family. His fashion-model wife, the delectable Cristina Ferrare, is also in line for an Emmy as "best actress in a supporting role during a dramatic mini-series." This proposed award stems from Cristina's superb acting during John's 62-day trial. She clung to her handsome husband with a devotion that told a gawking public she didn't care if her designer clothing got wrinkled as long as she could snuggle up to John.

Alas, it appears that Cristina was only acting also. Soon after John was acquitted Cristina left his bed and board. Some TV viewers were so upset that they wrote the network asking that the writers for the DeLorean show be fired.

There are some doubters who say that *Sting* should have selected an Olympic medal winner as man or woman of the year. But DeLorean himself set the record straight in that area. Minutes before he was pinched by the Feds DeLorean had been poking about in the cocaine filled suitcase. "It's better than gold," he gloated.

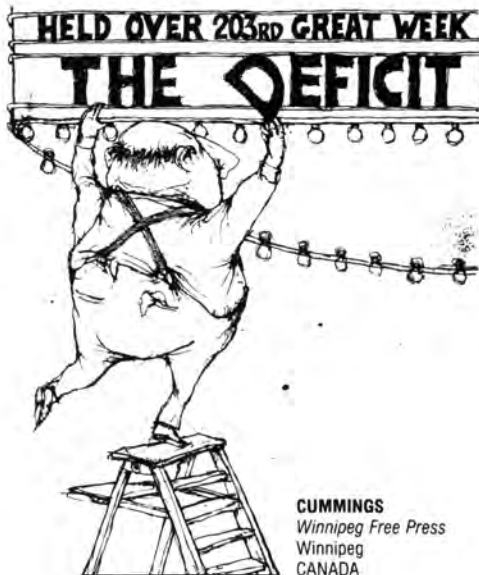
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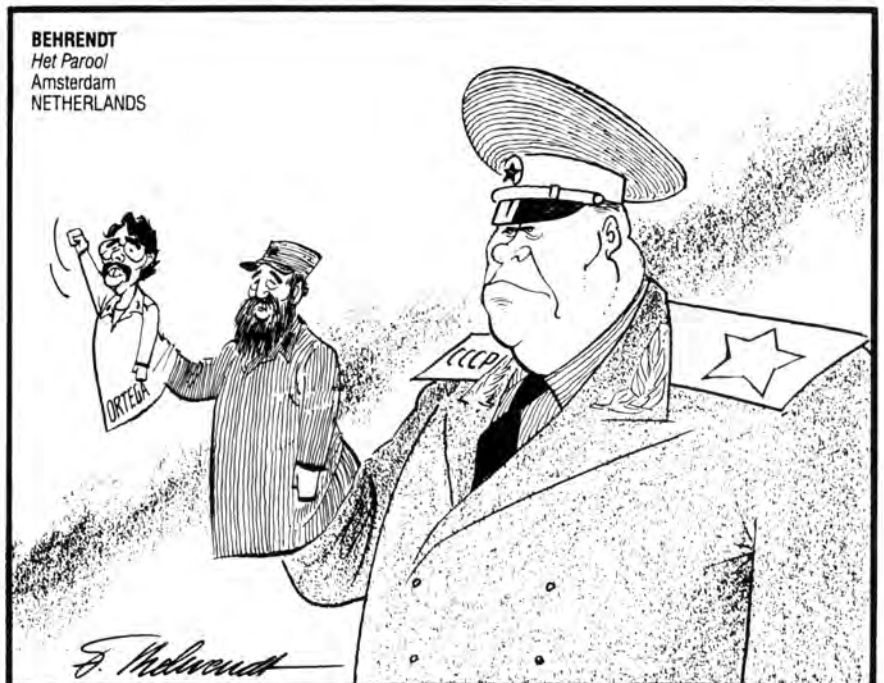
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The Star
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SOUTH AFRICA

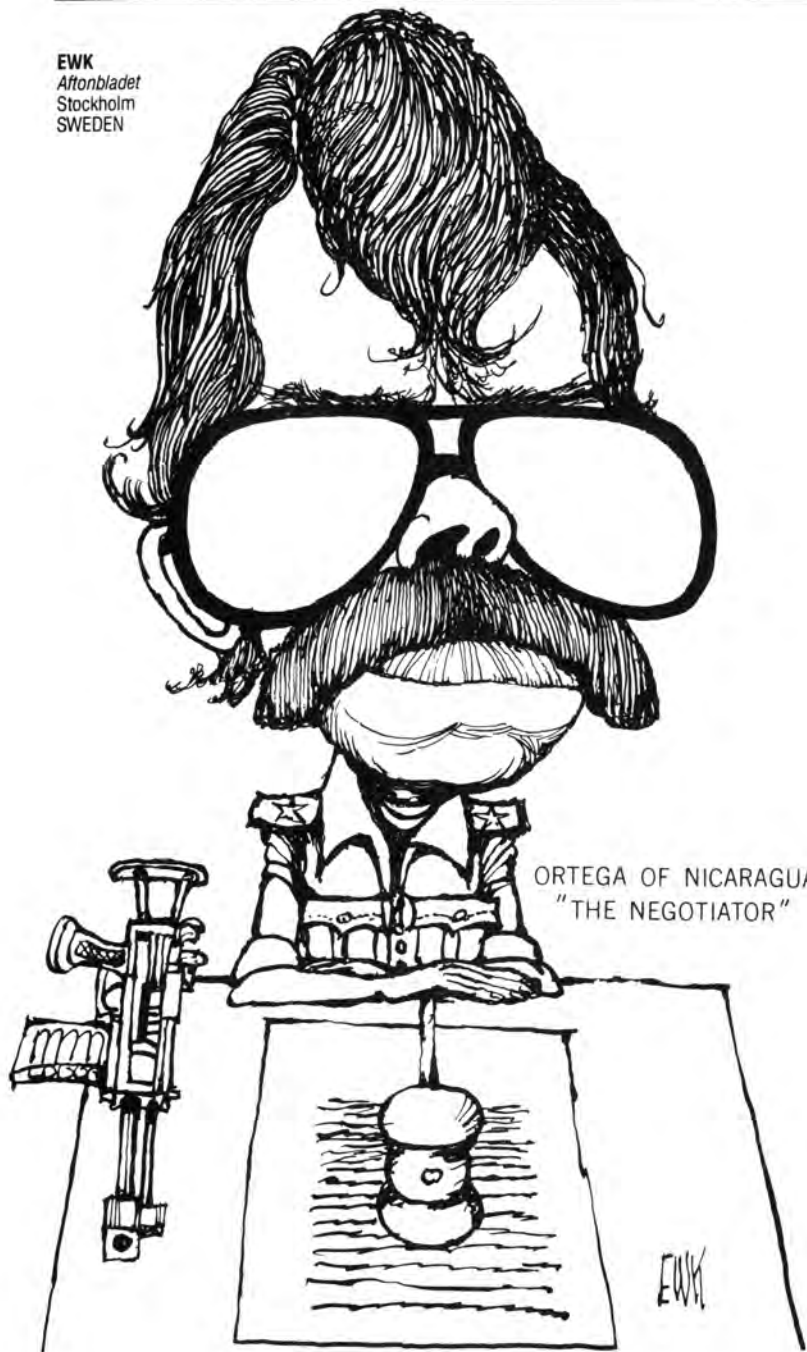


CUMMINGS
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CANADA



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ORTEGA OF NICARAGUA
"THE NEGOTIATOR"



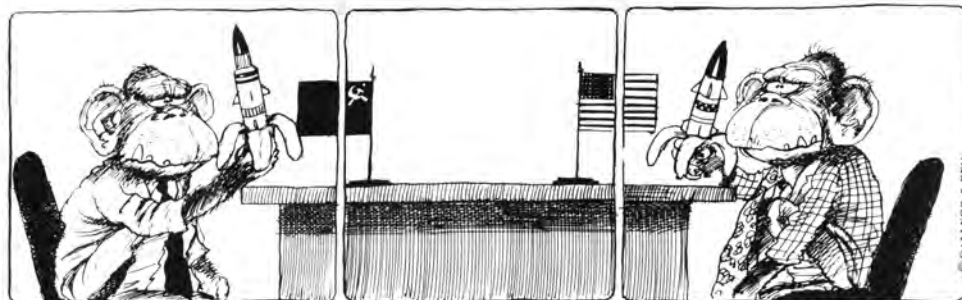
THE
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NEWS

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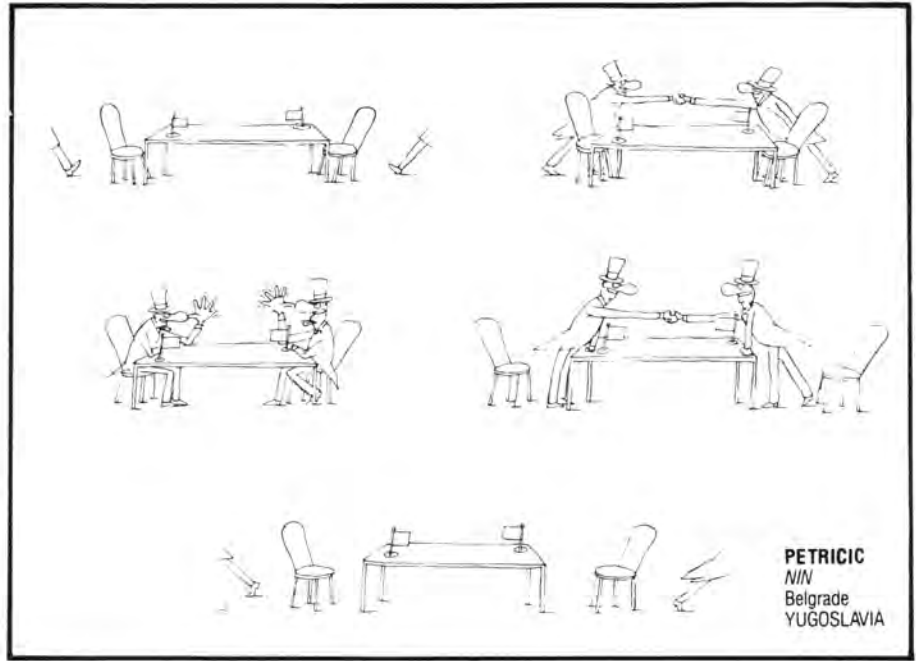
PETRENKO
Moscow
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GALLEGO & REY
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BERRY
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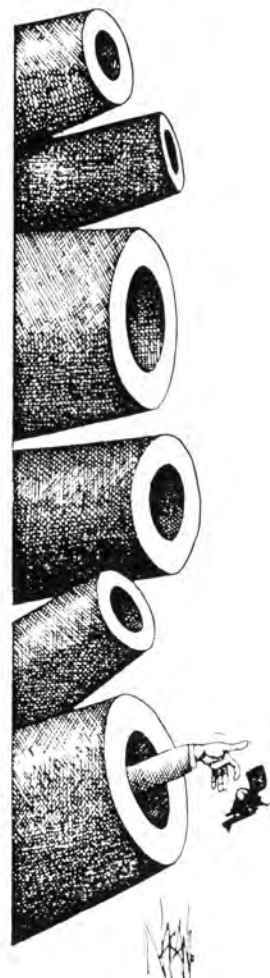


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NETHERLANDS

AFGHAN ANNIVERSARY



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A THAW!

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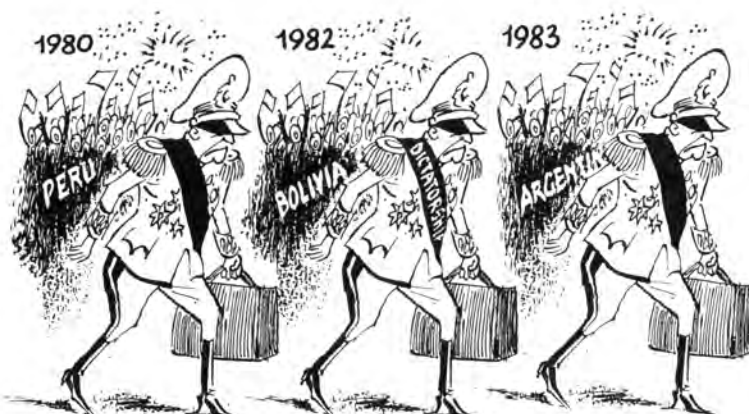
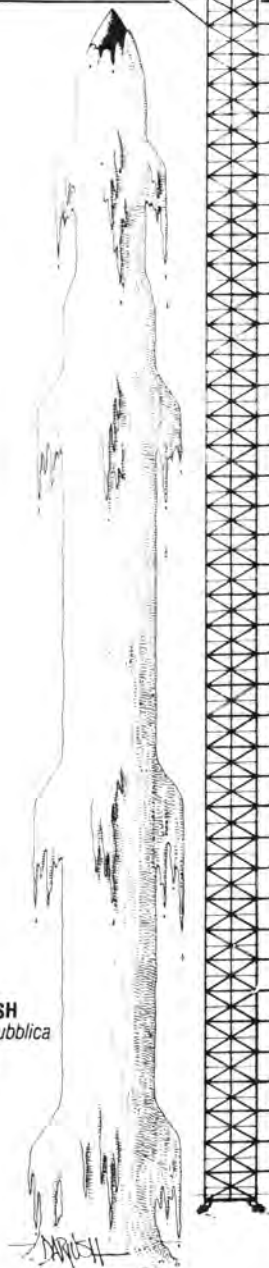


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MEXICO



Krokodil
Moscow
U.S.S.R.

DARIUSH
La Repubblica
Rome
ITALY



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Amsterdam
NETHERLANDS

DEMOCRACY MARCHES ON

SOLOMON
MY KING!
WE BEAR
BITTER
NEWS!



KIRSCHEN
Jerusalem Post
Jerusalem
ISRAEL

COCO
China Times
Taipei
CHINA



PETERSON
Vancouver Sun
Vancouver
CANADA

Four more years

OSWALDO
Excelsior
Mexico City
MEXICO



- BUT NOT EVERYWHERE...

The

An Exclusive Report
By Bella Donna

RALEIGH, N.C. — The extremely enterprising and ubiquitous Bella Donna, Sting's famous interviewer of the hard-to-get, has really scooped herself this time. Posing as a librarian from Oral Roberts University, Bella broke through the bastions of secrecy surrounding FIM headquarters here in Raleigh, N.C. and discovered a complete program listing for the new CBS.

As readers must know, Direct Mail Wizard Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina has saturated conservative mail boxes across the nation with a plea for caring Americans everywhere to buy stock in CBS so that they can all "be Dan Rather's boss."

In a true coup, Helms has managed to conceal the actual results of his campaign and led the media to report that response has been poor to his solicitation. In fact, as Bella discovered, the campaign is near to announcing astonishing success based on the fact that the only shares of CBS stock still not in the hands of the moral are owned by William S. Paley, former chairman of CBS who owns a paltry 6.5% of the company stock!

Helms confided to Bella after a morning prayer session at FIM headquarters, that he is just waiting for an appropriate moment to stage the takeover, scheduled to occur during a "60 Minutes" broadcast on a Sunday in March. Helms said, "I want it timed perfectly so that it happens before I ever have to listen to Andy Rooney again."

The ingratiating Bella in her librarian guise also became close friends with Susie Mae Thatcher, executive secretary to R. E. Carter Wren, one of the founders of FIM, or Fairness in Media, the "front" for the Helms' takeover.

Susie Mae literally oozes femininity and southern charm, reports Bella, and her enthusiasm for the takeover adds a special sparkle to her eyes when she talks about the new programming schedule.

Even though she was supposed to keep it a secret, you know how girls are, and Susie Mae just couldn't wait to tell Bella all about the exciting changes that will occur at CBS.

She even gave Bella a copy of the new letterhead proclaiming the Conservative Broadcasting System — a name change based on the fact that Colombia is in South

New

America and Sen. Helms is sick of hearing about South America. "Besides," said Susie Mae, "we really wanted it to be the Christian Broadcasting System, but some of our best friends are Jewish."



The really big changes will be the replacements on the Evening News and on "60 Minutes," but several new weekly shows are also scheduled. Susie Mae confided that Sen. Helms himself will be anchorman on the News, replacing Dan Rather, and Jimmy Swaggart will take over for Bill Moyers in the Commentary spot. "Jimmy Lee is so excited," said Susie Mae, "he's always wanted the chance to interpret the nightly news in the light of Biblical prophecy." His spot will be entitled "Armageddon Watch."

As for "60 Minutes," Susie Mae said some really exciting shows are scheduled. The immediate takeover will include a 450-member high school marching band who will storm into camera range just as Mike Wallace is trying to explain why he's standing outside of a doctor's office in the freezing cold explaining that the doctor refused to be interviewed.

The next show will be an in-depth expose of Mike Wallace's college career, during which, among other things, he refused to be a Boy Scout leader, saying he had to "study." Susie Mae said, "Bella, you just won't believe the skeletons that

we found in Mike's closet! We're really going to turn the tables on him, that's for sure!"

The rest of the "60 Minutes" crew will be made up of Reed Irvine, who will be in charge of reviewing books and magazines in a segment called "Censorship Watch — Keep Filth Out of Your Schools" and James Watt, who will handle a weekly

CBS

spot called "Industry Is Our Friend," which will focus on the most dramatic changes made in the environment that week through construction and strip mining.

One very special segment will feature Donald Wildmon, head of the National Federation for Decency, who will host "At This Very Moment," an expose of all the sex, violence and dirty words airing on other channels. It is rumored that anyone attempting to switch to those other channels at this time will receive a severe electric shock as soon as they touch the dial.

The distaff side of the show will be handled by Phyllis Schlafley who will present weekly tips on looking feminine in the work place while making lots of money. Her first special, entitled, "The Executive Look For The Mom-to-Be," will feature pregnant unwed mothers from the new CBS Right-To-Life Center as models.

Capping off the special segments of the hour will be Alexander Haig who will highlight the newest weapons in the U.S. arsenal and explain how they work in his

spot called, "Let's Get Them Before They Get Us."

Other big network changes will include a new late-night show called "Rightwatch" which will present both inspirational interviews and reports of "good" news across the country as well as a daily recap of Congress' voting record. Taking over the all-night program will be Howard Phillips, President of The Conservative Caucus who will "grade" each state's senators and representatives as either a "Good Guy," or a "Bad Guy." Also appearing will be Donnie and Marie Osmond, Pat Boone and Tom Landry, who will linterview famous sports figures who have declared that sports "is not the most important thing in my life — that's my relationship with God."

In a special segment of "Rightwatch" called "You Should Have Listened," former politicians who were destroyed by liberals will explain what life *could* have been like. Both Barry Goldwater and Richard Nixon are slated for the first week of programming.

Other shows on the lineup include:

Trapper Jim — a heartwarming story about a woodsman who lived in the good

old days when eagles, wolves and buffalo were fair game.

Soldiers of Fortune — a new game show where members of the studio audience compete by firing several rounds at targets made to resemble small Asians.

Jerry's Angels — a weekly sit com featuring Jerry Falwell and three of his choir members, all reformed Playboy bunnies, who travel throughout America converting souls.

Commie Busters — Replaces Magnum P.I. — and will feature a group of great guys and gals who go undercover to locate closet commies in American universities. Negotiations are underway to get Mr. T. for the starring role.

Dukes of Reagan — A touching and funny show about life inside the Defense Dept., featuring amazing space ship chases and real Star Wars effects.

The Rifleman — A Docu-Drama featuring real-life situations where a private citizen has used a handgun successfully to protect his family.

Other major replacements will include the substitution of "I Dream of Jeannie" reruns in place of "Dallas" (JR has a contract), "Leave It to Beaver" and "Father

Knows Best" in a back-to-back format that will wipe out "Falcon Crest" and "Lifestyles of Rich Politicians" in place of "Knot's Landing".

"It's real quality programming," said Susie Mae. "People will love it."

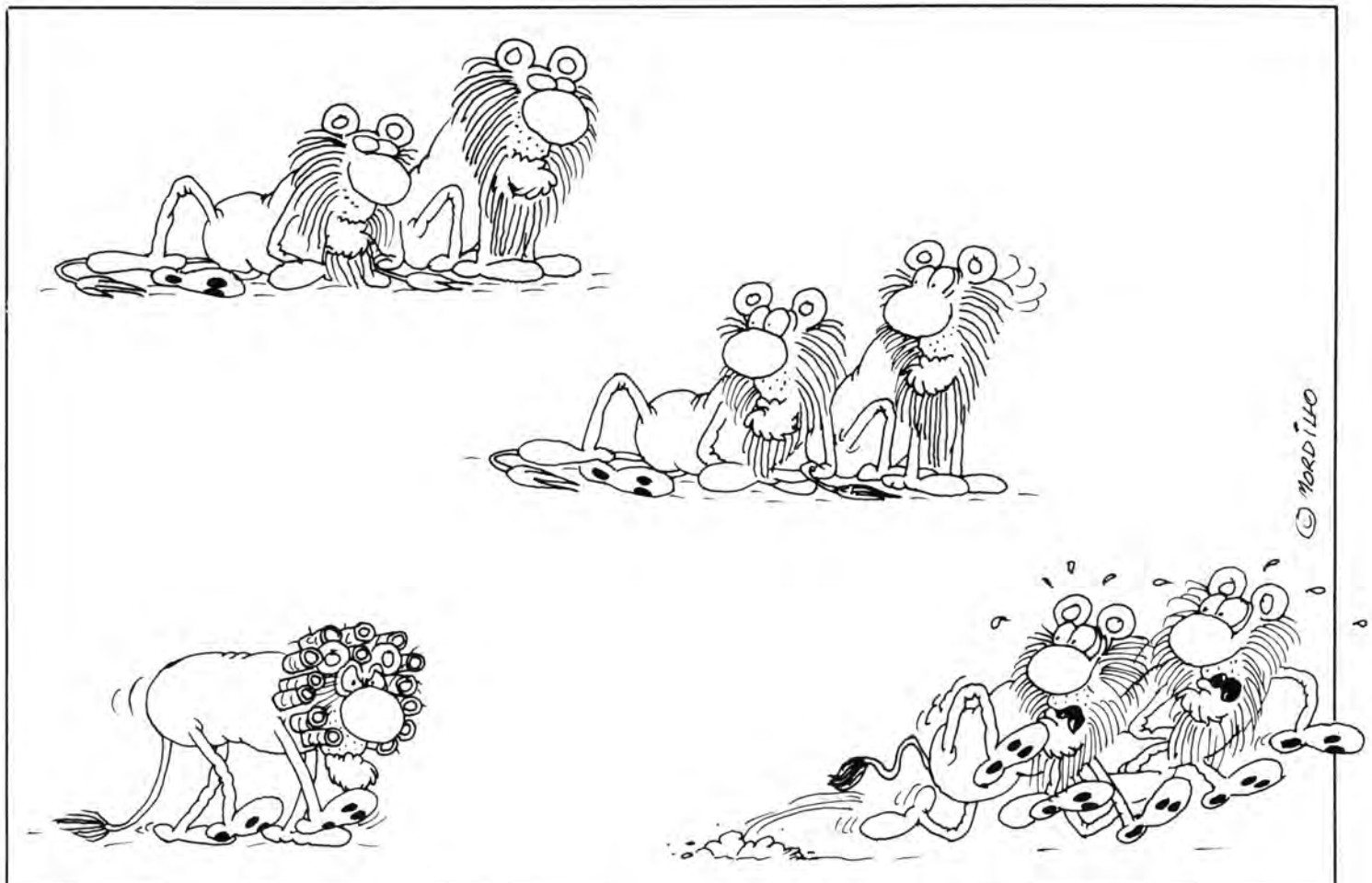
Perhaps the biggest news of all, though, was who would be the real power behind the new network.

With a blushing smile, Susie Mae was happy to announce — "Why, who else but General Westmoreland — he's Chairman of the Board."

Luckily, Bella managed to get this all down before she blew her cover by dropping her handbag, causing the unmistakable roll of a leftover Mondale/Ferraro button down the luxurious halls of this hallowed shrine.

Susie Mae screamed, clutched her throat and reached for the alarm button just as Bella managed to grab her purse and escape through the vapor-lock doors before the entire building was sealed.

She's in hiding now — somewhere in California watching Cable TV — said that's the only place she felt safe.



The Lesser Known Members of the Politburo

by Henry F. Mazel

MAZEL



In these days of East-West tensions and constant leadership changes in the Kremlin, it is astonishing that so little is known about the members of the Soviet elite. Who are these men who rule Russia? How do they go about making decisions? And why, for instance, do you never see them wearing a nice pair of loafers to a

parade or an arms control function, say? It become increasingly clear to anyone who studies the problem that a great deal more information is needed about these men.

In an attempt to clarify this disturbing situation, I have launched an investigation of my own. Through foreign contacts, Freedom of Information Act requests and tidbits supplied by Mrs. Ida Melnick of Miami Beach — whose information gathering capabilities are said to rival those of the C.I.A. — I was able to compile the following biographies of some of the lesser known Soviet leaders.

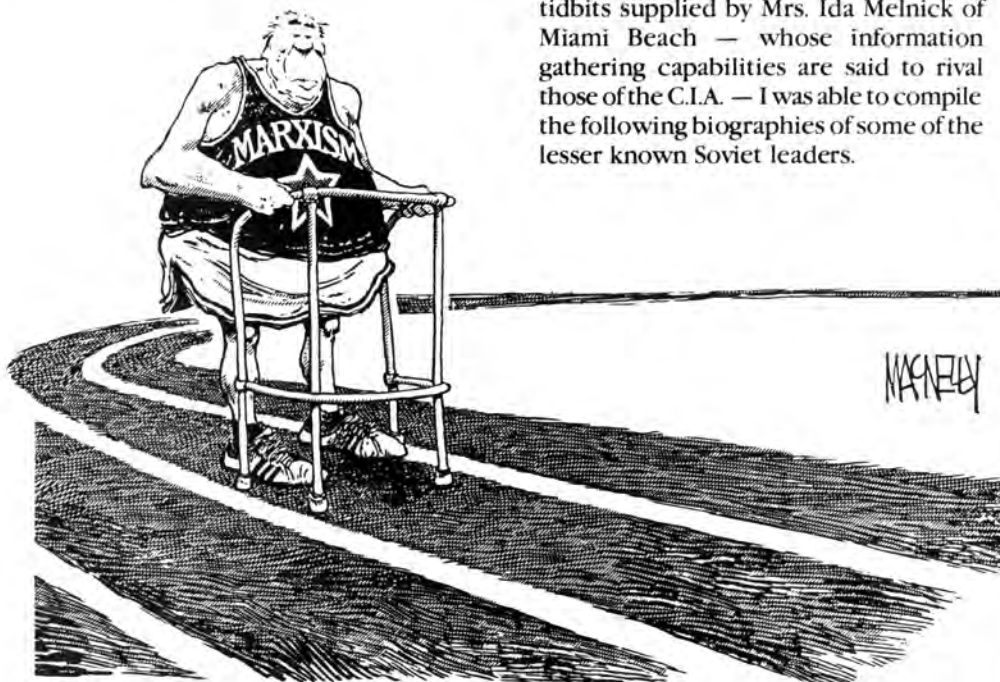
Varenti L. Bulikov

Born 1930 in Leningrad. Little is known about his early life, although he is rumored to have smiled twice in 1936. Bulikov studied at the Rovno Metallurgical Institute in the Ukraine where he is said to have majored in zinc. A protege of Nikita Krushchev, Bulikov rose quickly in the party hierarchy and was appointed deputy assistant secretary of the Moldavian Republic at the tender age of twenty-six. After Krushchev was deposed, for a time Bulikov was asked to sell ironing boards in Outer Mongolia. He was brought back to Moscow by Yuri Andropov in the spring of 1982 and appointed to the Politburo soon after.

Although a conservative on foreign policy matters, he is considered one of the most accessible Soviet leaders and can sometimes be seen picking up his laundry at the dry cleaners over on Granovsky Street. He has a wife, Irina, and a pet yak from his days in Mongolia. He is not considered a serious contender for the future leadership position as he is known to have an extensive collection of avant-garde polo mallets.

Yegor 'Pisha' Kagonovitch

The youngest of the new breed of Politburo members, Kagonovitch is considered a party theoretician in the mold of



the late Mikhail Suslov (whom Kagonovitch once likened to the Reverend Davidson in Somerset Maugham's 'Rain.' When Suslov heard the remark he was furious but self-controlled. Slowly putting down his copy of *Izvestia*, Suslov adjusted his *pince-nez* and coldly bit his upper lip. (Kagonovitch required several stitches in the attack and for several weeks could only sip some borscht).

In his early days, Kagonovitch saw service with the Red Army. He was a hero of the battle of Stalingrad where his now famous admonishment to the troops, "Listen fellas, I think I left my helmet in Nepal, I'll be back later," earned him the Order of Lenin. After the war, he became involved in party organization work and was rewarded for his long service by an appointment to the leadership in 1981. Today Kagonovitch wields tremendous power and, as head of the Personnel Committee of the Communist Party, he controls distribution of all party cards, although distribution of party hats and favors still eludes him.

Natasha Kapitza

The only woman in the Politburo, she is sometimes affectionately known as Natalya, but more often as Bubba. She was born in Murmansk at the age of forty-three and was a flying ace during the war. Kapitza also represented the Soviet Union at the 1952 Olympic games in Helsinki. As a world class competitor in the javelin, she narrowly missed a medal but did score an impressive hit on Finnish Interior Minister Klude Kekkonen who was harpooned while eating his buttered popcorn.

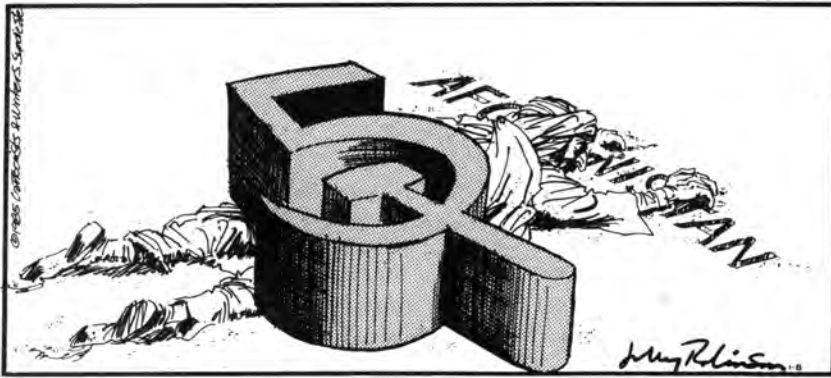
Ms. Kapitza was appointed Premier of the Latvian Republic and then the Central Committee before being named to the Politburo. She is an insomniac, a disciplinarian and often drinks her colleagues under the table while doing a passable rendition of 'Ole Man River.' Her hopes for the top spot are remote unless future successions are determined by an elimination tournament in Greco-Roman wrestling.

Pinki Mikoyan

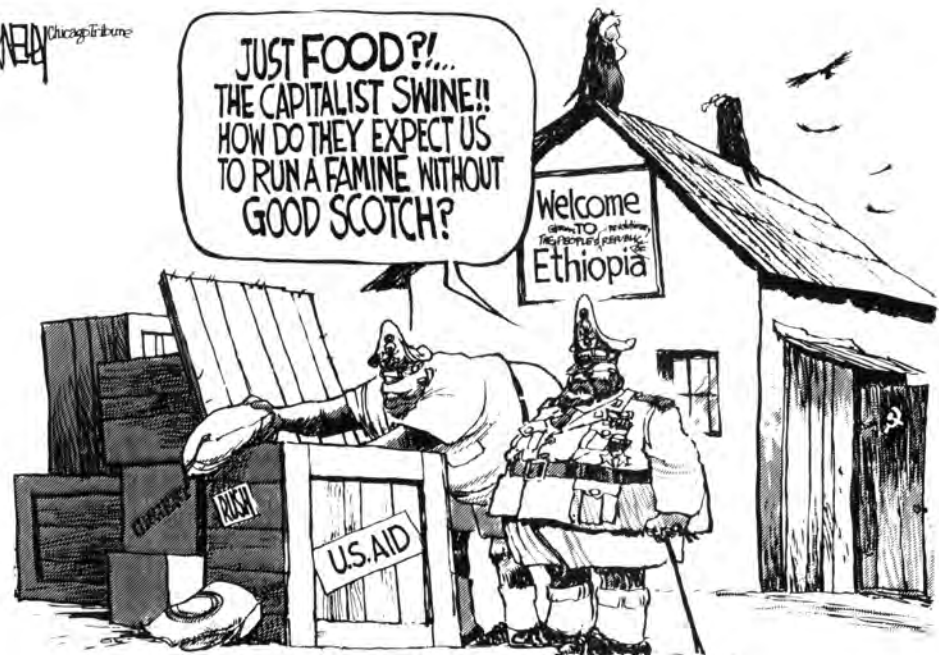
Considered the most cosmopolitan of the leadership, Mikoyan once served as ambassador to Chad where he is said to have developed a fondness for flies. He recently journeyed outside the Soviet Union again, this time to hold two days of private discussions with Ali Kareem Abdul al-Hassani, the noted basketball player.

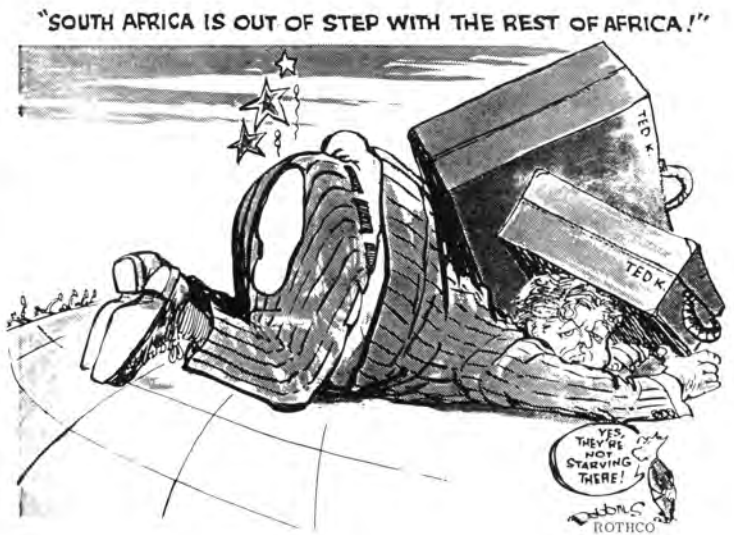
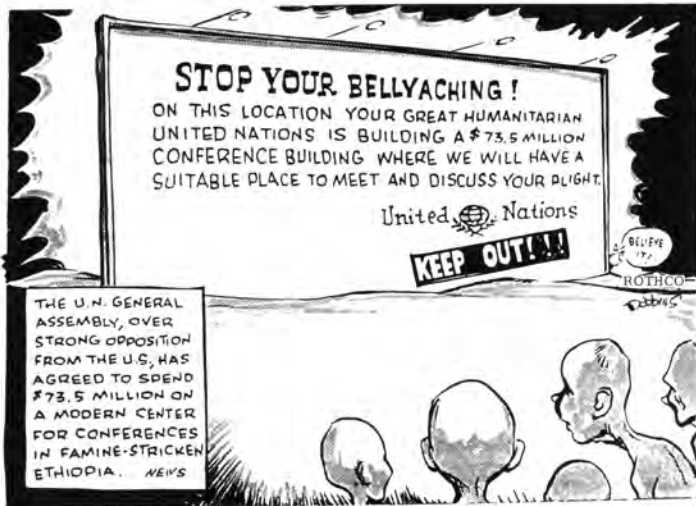
Mikoyan was born in the village of Shtul in Armenia fifty-six years ago and has only recently been admitted to the inner circle. An economic reformer, he has called for the decentralization of the economy while at the same time consolidating the gains that have been made in the snack bar industry. Although personally affable, Mikoyan has several enemies among the leadership because of his passion for fast cars, designer clothes and female carioca bands. He owns twelve Mercedes and a Pontiac which have caused considerable difficulty for him since his apartment is located on a street with alternate side parking.



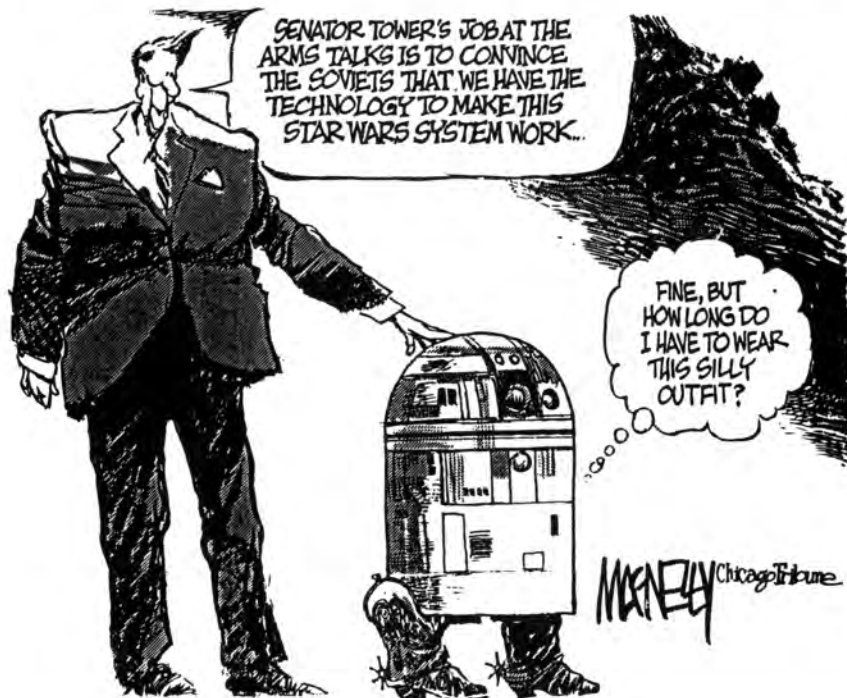


McKELVIE Chicago Tribune





McKENLEY Chicago Tribune

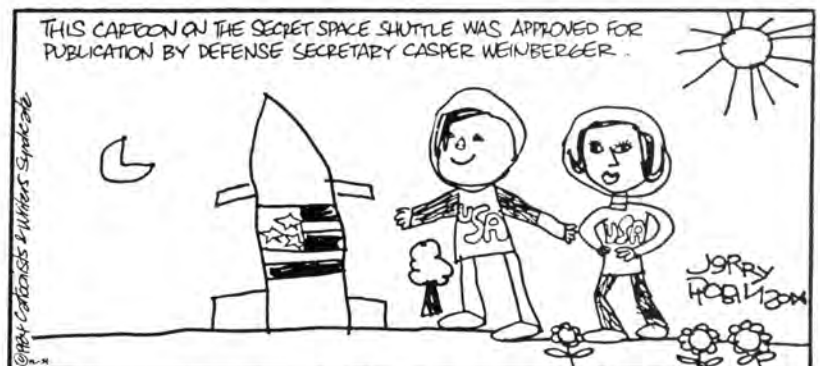
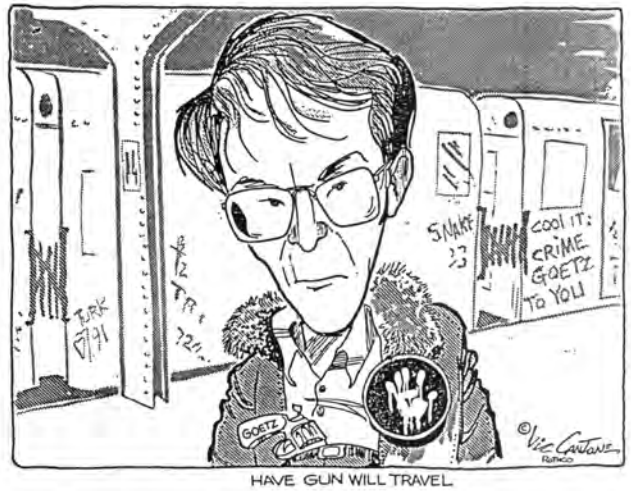
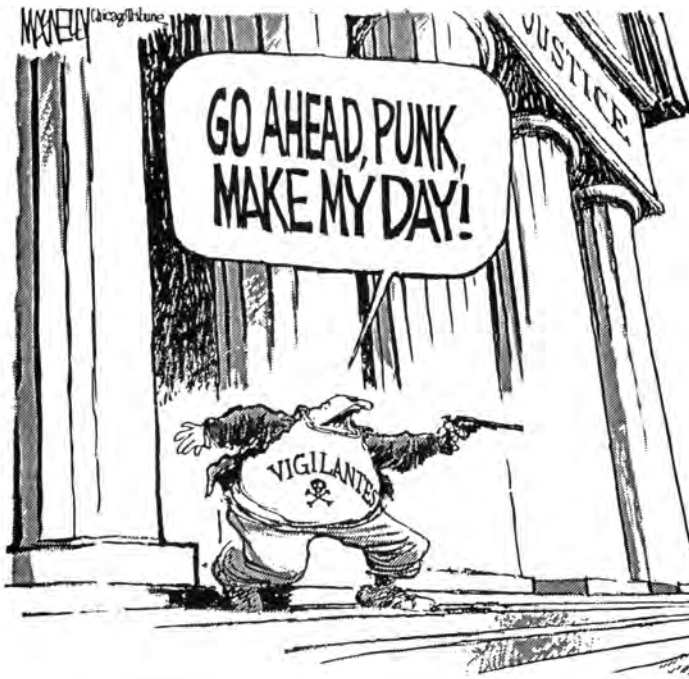


ONE PRESIDENTIAL PARADE NOT CANCELED









Divestiture of the Postal Service

(Or How To Get the Most From Your Zip Code)

by Charles R. Larson

The Reagan administration announced today its plan for the divestiture of the Postal Service, citing the need for aggressive capitalistic competition and an end to the monopolistic tendencies of the past. A spokesman for the Justice Department declared, "We've decontrolled almost everything else. What's left besides the Postal Service and Treasury Department?"

The elaborate plan for breakup of the Postal Service (scheduled for completion by early spring 1985) includes seven new regional companies, with snazzy names, each assigned a specific geographical region. Since each of these companies will have a monopoly in that area, officials have yet to clarify why this won't simply be seven new smaller monopolies in place of the older one. Lobby groups with paternal feelings for the old Postal Service administration (such as the Junk Mailers Association and the Brotherhood of Government Frankers) have already announced their plans to prevent the breakup. A radical movement, which refers to itself as the Junk Mail Junkies, has threatened a lawsuit if any of the new regional companies give priority to first class mail.

Under the forthcoming guidelines, regional companies will be permitted to determine their own rate structure and issue their own stamps. The question of advertising on these stamps is still under dispute, but at least one of the new regional corporations (Pony Express West) has indicated its desire to use pictures of famous movie stars and rock groups, hoping that this change will interest the younger generation in letter writing.

Not all aspects of the current Postal Service will be automatically given over to the regional companies. For example, the Postal Service's long lines (at the stamp windows) will remain under the jurisdiction of the Governing Board of Administrators, which will continue to monitor overall service of the greater system as well as the Dead Letter Office. As one member of the Board of Administrators expressed it, "Unlike the old Bell System, the Postal Service is famous for its long lines. It would be a shame to eliminate all these traditions — especially on Saturday mornings and during the Christmas season."

Since local deliveries have always been the bane of the Postal Service's highly-touted "Next-week delivery," it is expected that local delivery rates will rise dramatically to pay the cost of nationwide deliveries. (As one spokesperson of the Justice Department expressed it, "The problem has always been that of getting the mail from one Zip Code to the next.") Consumers should thus anticipate a surcharge for local delivery, as well as an additional fee for pick-up at their corner mail box. ("Nobody likes to empty those boxes anyway," a senior letter carrier stated.)

Consumers should expect other changes in service also — all of course, designed to expedite the flow of mail. Household delivery will be drastically curtailed to twice each week, except for periods of government holidays, though some regions have hinted at the need for a surcharge for delivery to private individuals. There are some good things on the horizon, however, since all consumers will be able to save by picking up mail at their local office. As another senior spokesperson expressed it, "Since you're going to have to take your letters there for drop-off anyway, why not pick up your own at the same time."

Another positive change will be the introduction of new Zip Codes for customers who so desire. For a modest fee, expected to be in the neighborhood of \$50 a year, customers may pick their own personalized Zip Code — using either digits or letters. Major revenue is ex-

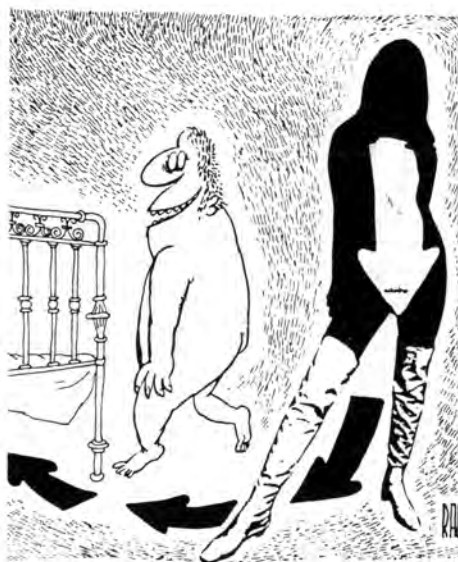
pected to be derived from this plan, though one senior administrator admitted that it may be necessary to hold a lottery for the more popular numbers.

The major unresolved dispute in the Postal Service divestiture guidelines, however, concerns the future control of household mail boxes (for those who still insist upon that kind of delivery.) Unbeknownst to most consumers is the Postal Service Act of 1847, stating that post boxes (and mail slots in front doors) are government property, subject to control by the federal snooping act. What the new regional corporations hope to do is convince as many Americans as possible to purchase these boxes outright instead of continuing to lease them.

"We're going to see a remarkable change in the image of mail service in this country," one Justice Department official has already stated. "Postage stamps printed in 3-D, letter carriers (the few of them who will be left) wearing colorful regional costumes, even designer mail boxes for your front door — improving the image of your household." Along those lines, rumor has it that Yves St. Laurent has already designed two new mail boxes exclusively for Nancy Reagan, one of them supposedly shaped like a saddle.

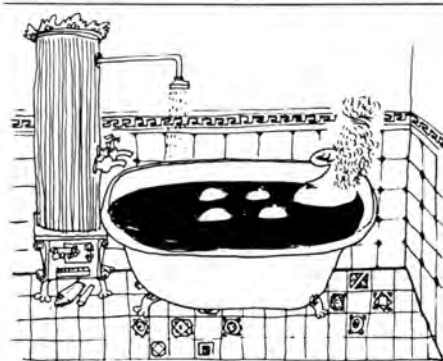
Asked by a critic of the divestiture guidelines if anyone will still be concerned by the quality of the mail service, a senior spokesperson (who asked not to be named) replied, "Well, I guess they could always try a phone call."





RAU

Witty and wicked, Rau Tibor is a Hungarian cartoonist working in Budapest. Sting is pleased to offer this peek into his zany mind.





RON aerobics

by Joe Sylvester

"One, two, three, four, President Reagan forever more!"

"Whew! That was some workout, wasn't it, class?" the fit-looking elderly man on TV said. "I know it's hard, but that's what it takes. Everything's hard, we must always be vigilant, work hard and sacrifice. That's what makes America great."

It was hard to believe the man doing side straddle hops, situps and other calisthenics was actually our elderly president. Imagine, a man in his 70s doing such exercises.

"Do you always watch this?" I asked my warmup suit-clad grandmother as she fanned herself.

"Sure," she informed me. "It's how I start out every day. An hour of Ron-aerobics and a strict diet keeps me in tip-top shape. I feel better than I've ever felt in my entire life."

"But, Gram, how could you? You're just getting by on Social Security, you skip meals, you even had to get rid of your cat because you couldn't afford it. Not to mention you shiver all winter long because you can't pay the heating bills. And you say you feel better than ever?"

"Why sure. The country's on the move. Even you have a job, and we're safer than ever because of the missiles our president has had built."

"Wait a minute," I said, feeling as if I had missed something. "How does that make us safer?"

"Where've you been? He's built so many peacekeeping missiles that could wipe the communists off the face of the earth, who'd want to start anything with us. He's even told the Russians he'd sign a bill to bomb them if they didn't smarten up."

I couldn't believe it. My own grandmother advocating violence. Maybe she didn't see it that way. She wouldn't be the first to be soothed by the calming words of the Great Communicator. And to try to argue with her would be the same as

to try to explain the theory of relativity to the family pet.

"But *you're* still not better off," I offered as a last stand.

"What do you mean? Mr. Reagan said most foods Americans eat are full of fat anyway. So why eat a lot. He says he doesn't and he's not fat."

"Yes, but I think he's full of something else," I suggested.

"Crack! Before I realized it, my grandmother had connected with an open-handed right across my face. Holding my burning cheek, I cried, "What was that for, Gram?"

"Don't you ever say anything like that again about our president. He's a great human being, too bad he's limited to just two terms. Perhaps his bill to change that two-term baloney will pass, though, and he could be our president forever."

It was, I realized just then, worse than I had imagined. The country not only had to survive four more years of Ronald Reagan, but there was the possibility — could it be? — he was trying to be a monarch. Even if he didn't get that far, look at what he's done to people like my

grandmother. Was the country really better off than four years ago and on the move, or was it all hype?

I suspected the latter but could never prove so in arguments with my Reaganite friends. But what I found out recently could help my cause.

Through one of those friends in Washington, I was able to get an interview with the producer of the Reagan exercise program. My friend had to pull a few strings, but he managed it somehow.

Well, it proved to be an enlightening experience, although at first I wasn't too excited about how it was going.

The producer, Avery Conner, was explaining why the president wanted an exercise program.

"When the people are physically fit, they feel better," he said. "And when they feel better, they produce more and complain less, and they are, of course, in better condition in case of war."

"But there are elderly retired people out there doing these exercises," I countered.

"Well, good!" Conner exclaimed. "If they're in good health, they won't need as many benefits. And," Conner added excitedly, "the less benefits paid out, the lower the deficit. You know, every little bit counts."

I couldn't sit still any longer. "Why not trim some of that exorbitant defense spending?" But no sooner had I gotten the words out of my mouth than Conner was upon me, grabbing me by the shirt.

"What are you, some kind of Russian or something?" he screamed at my face. He then threw me back down into my chair and called security. What was this man up to?

Suddenly two large men in suits rushed in and looked back and forth at Conner and me. "Is he the guy?" one asked.



"Do you see anybody else?" Conner screamed at them.

Before I knew it, they were twisting my arms behind my back and dragging me out of the room. They took me down the hall of the studio past several doors. As they were doing so, a familiar face emerged from one of the rooms.

It was the president! He was in the studio, probably taping one of his exercise shows. Or at least that's what I thought. When we passed him the two guys I was with did not even acknowledge him. He merely watched us go by, a smile of amusement on his face.

The room we arrived in wasn't quite what I had been expecting. It wasn't a jail cell, it wasn't even a police interrogation room with just four walls, a table and some chairs. It was more of a lounge. There were couches and a coffee table, wall-to-wall carpeting, all very plush. There was even a color television set, and it was on. What I saw on the TV made me do a double take. It was the president at a live press conference. He was in the middle of explaining some finer points of government, using notebooks full of statistics.

"How did he get there so fast; he was just in the hall outside?" I said to the two

well-dressed men, indicating Reagan on TV.

The one man laughed. "That guy out there just does the exercise shows."

"Frank!" his partner yelled. "That's not for public consumption! In other words, keep your trap shut. Do you want to go back to the mail room?"

Frank didn't say another word, but I pursued the matter. "You mean, that wasn't really the president out in the hall?"

The two men exchanged glances. "The press conference is taped," Frank's partner told me, locking his eyes onto mine. I guess he was really saying I'd better believe it was, or else. But I know the press conference was live.

Just then the phone, which I hadn't noticed earlier, rang, and the one whose name I didn't know answered it. After a short conversation with a lot of nodding, he hung up and told me I could go. He told me it all had been a mixup and they were sorry. But, he warned me as I left, I shouldn't let on what I *thought* I'd seen; that's how rumors started and all that, even though, well there was no harm in using a double, they do it in Hollywood all the time, although, of course, the President would never use one.

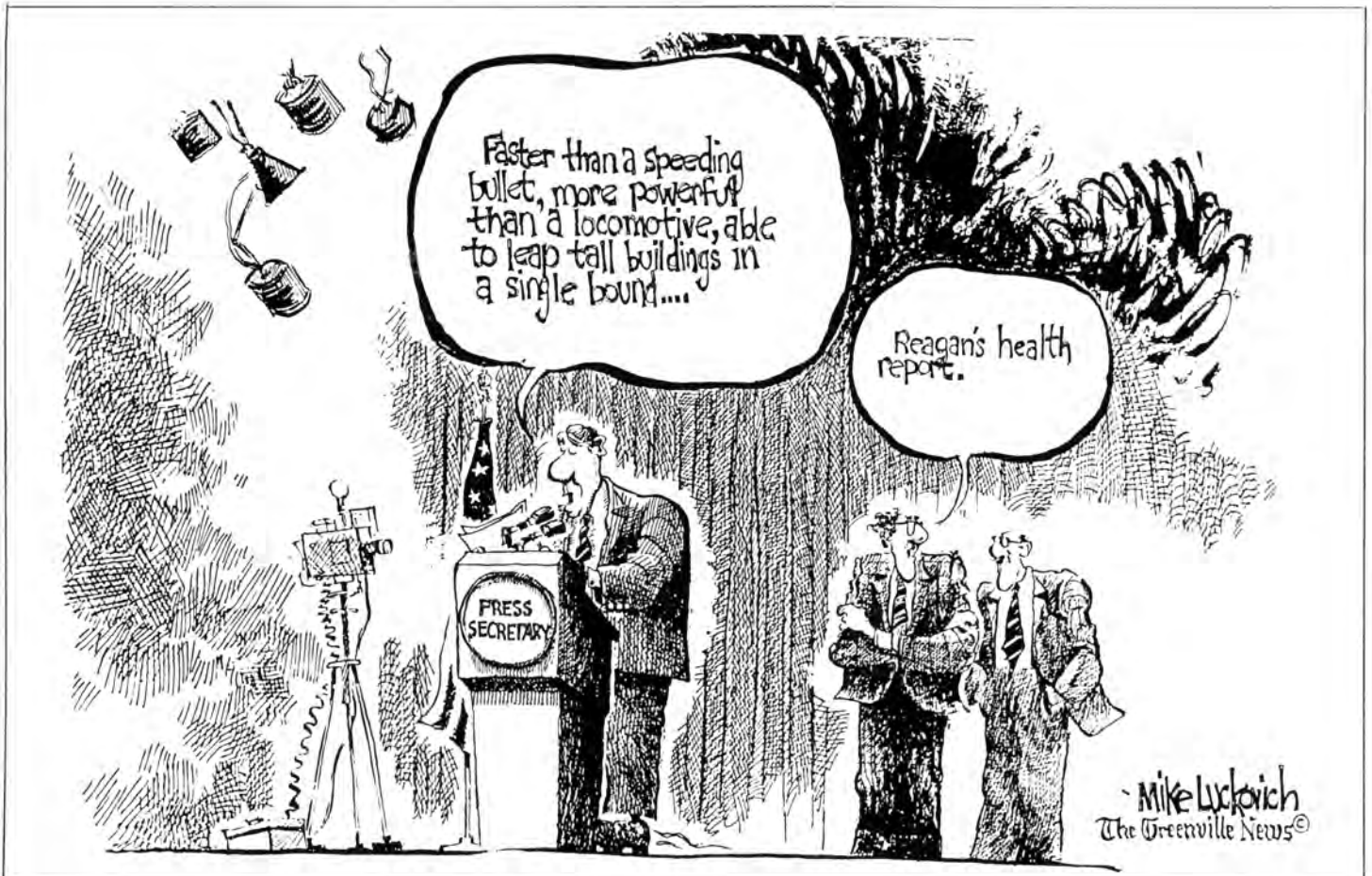
What worried me though was our

president used to work in Hollywood. But I didn't relate that concern to Frank and his partner. I just wanted to get out of there. I later discovered the friend who had gotten me the interview explained to Conner than even though I was a Democrat, I still was a patriotic and God-fearing American and didn't mean any harm. He also reminded the producer about the evils of bad publicity.

So, I forgot about the situation. Or at least I tried to. The thought of a double to do "stunts" for the president kept haunting me. It was sort of like finding out for the first time what we see on the movie screen isn't reality. The actors are just acting. But what bothered me even more was the thought that maybe it wasn't even Reagan at the press conference. Maybe the real Ronald Reagan was in a nursing home somewhere eating jellybeans. I doubted I could ever prove that, though.

The only person I did tell about my adventure before now was my grandmother. I told her what happened to me and how the man on the exercise show wasn't really the president.

I figured the government had nothing to worry about. I knew she'd never believe me anyway.



CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF

CAT'S NOSE DIVE — A cat fell 180 ft. from a Manhattan skyscraper yesterday and survived with only bruises and a sore nose. A tree broke its fall.

They say everything passes in front of your eyes as you go down, but it's the twenty-seventh floor now and all I can see is old Mrs. Dobryanowitz sitting in her recliner tickling that dumb old tabby. She's got The 700 Club on and a bag of pretzels in her fat paw, and she's watching the guy in the bright blue suit talking about miracles, and she takes a pretzel, then she gives one to the dumb old tabby, and that's all I see because I'm on my way down, and it'll take more than a lousy miracle to stop me now. Which suits me fine.

It would be nice to say it has been an interesting life, but it wouldn't be true, and I figure that now is not the time to start lying. Things have always been sorta short on fascination not that I'm complaining; that's the way it is for us, half the time you're asleep, the rest of the time things kinda swim in and out of your line of fire, like coming round from the stuff they gave me when the guy in the white coat finished off for good the only part of my life which really had any direction to it.

The Contexts caused that thing to happen. It was the second thing they ever did to me, the first being they

their Fire Island retreat. I put them down as the kind who would have had some nice Afghan called Julius with an out-of-work ballet dancer to come in and feed the poor bastard and walk him round

South Central Park while Arnie and Sissy were out hustling real estate.

But it turned out they were starved for animal love, this being a serious decision which

they had reached while strolling in Washington Park rubbernecking the sickies, which I could tell the minute I saw them. I was heading east along Bleeker Street before taking a left up McDougal, because I always like to hit the Square in that corner to take in the action before I make my choice, given that making my choice had some purpose in those days, and could bear Sissy kvetching Arnie about some lousy Llaso

Apso she wanted even before the topsiders (his) and the Nike Hi-Siders (hers) came into eye-level.

I'm out of 19th and passing the window of 1821 now, which has always been something of a mystery to me but is now solved with the sight of a strawberry blond booker in a Giorgio Armani camisole relieving a fattish, sweating businessman of \$100 and so it's not the time to recall the mush that the Contexts came out with as they picked me up. Normally I'd have had their eyes out the moment they bent down but I was feeling somewhat sluggish on account of Marc and Karl, two beefy fags I used to hang around with on Christopher Street, had given me a chunk of fine Gold in my Purina cchow that afternoon and it had slowed my reflexes.

At first I was glad of the drug for permitting me to get into a situation which I figured would pay handsome dividends. Sure, East 67th Street was kind of a long way from Washington Square, but things were

getting a little hot for me and although staking out a whole new territory was sort of a pain, I felt confident I could handle it. I had a good build and always looked well turned out and I figured a challenge was what I needed.

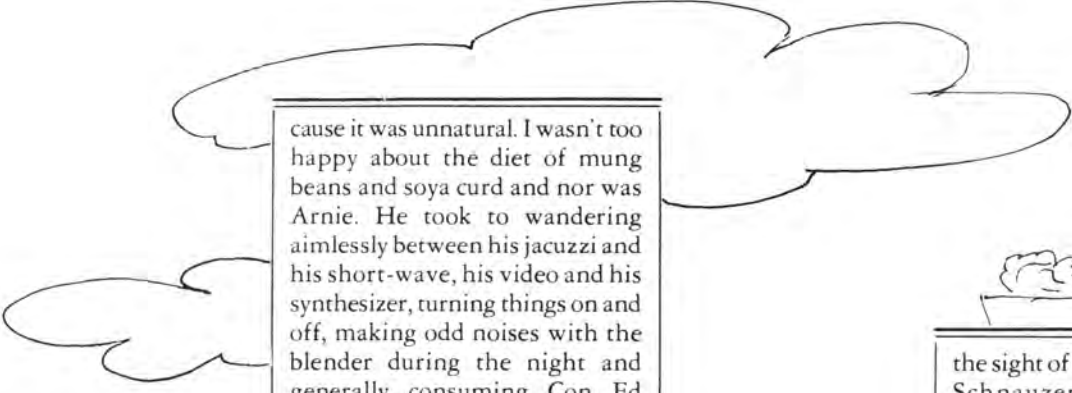
So I let the Contexts take me back to their apartment in the very building of which I am now passing the 14th floor and making the incidental but illuminating discovery that the Reverend Julio Anodyne inhabits a distinctly un-clerical apartment, the whole studio room being a kind of shrine to Elvis Presley, including a life-sized model of the guy which Julio is kneeling before, and for the first couple of days everything was fine.

It was on day three that I came back after settling a small dispute over the trash pile behind Doug-gie's Bar. I was pretty exhausted and not very pleased to be greeted with Sissy yelling, that cat stinks, and Arnie agreeing and Sissy saying, well have him done, Arnie, have him done, and Arnie saying, I couldn't, they're all small and furry and think of the pain, and Sissy saying, what are you Arnie, some kind of pervert, you make me sick, you can never make a lousy decision, I can't even bear to look at you, you're so fat and bloated, you swell up in the heat like some damn wet, spotty dog, no wonder we don't make love any more, I think you maybe do this subconsciously to punish me.

So Arnie is some kind of nerd, a wimp, because instead of ripping this unpleasant person to shreds he just says, okay, hon, I'll get him fixed tomorrow, if we'd got a Llaso Apso there'd have been no problem.

I feel obliged to draw a veil over what happened after that, except to say that I am now passing apartment 1218, moving slightly eastwards in the evening breeze,





and neither the sight of Mrs. Abse taking her breasts off in the bathroom nor the prospect of the sidewalk moving towards me at a leisurely pace fills me with particular horror relative to the agonies of that day.

Arnie and I returned to the apartment that evening to find Sissy in tears. I was feeling rather weak but I managed a pitiful combination hobble-and-drag across the deep-pile wall-to-wall, so Sissy redoubles her sobbing and starts yelling at the wimp Arnie, and the Contexts swing into marital overdrive while I lapse into the trance which has characterized much of my life, before and since, but which was especially exemplified by the events of that day. (Were I a philosopher I might also say that New York was exemplified thereby also: one's manhood is removed while one sleeps and there is no right of appeal.)

I awoke, or came round, to find Sissy gone and Arnie drunk on Chivas Regal, which many might regard as a pretension but when taken in the context of Context's other pretensions took on the appearance of extreme restraint.


Sissy came back two days later in the company of a bearded guy in russet clothing. A Prince of Peace, she called him, who preached gentleness and wholism and cut off my Purina chow be-

cause it was unnatural. I wasn't too happy about the diet of mung beans and soya curd and nor was Arnie. He took to wandering aimlessly between his jacuzzi and his short-wave, his video and his synthesizer, turning things on and off, making odd noises with the blender during the night and generally consuming Con Ed power to no purpose. As a tactic it was fruitless, because Sissy still followed him around the apartment dressed in her sable-trimmed Serendipity *peignoir*, now dyed russet, yelling at him that he was heartless, a wimp, how could he mutilate a poor innocent animal, and so on.


It's hard to say why now, as I pass apartment 712 wherein Mr. Zuntz and Mrs. Kugelmass (of 931) are making love while wearing Ronald Reagan masks, but I felt some sympathy with the simp Context as things went from bad to worse, and when I followed him to an immoral club called The Zoo one Saturday I knew how he felt; a man could get a steak at The Zoo, and a woman, and a drink, and he didn't have his wife sitting around the apartment with a bearded Prince of Peace and the Prince of Peace's girlfriend, a six-two, 160 pound mulatto with fists like hams and an appetite for novelty like we are supposed to have for cream.

So when the wimp Context comes home this afternoon to find his wife in the sack with the Mulatto while the Prince of Peace intones phrases from St. Julian of Norwich through a microphone while standing on the remains of Context's video, I am ready to be sympathetic, because Context has a client with him to whom he wishes to sell some real estate and this scene perhaps makes Context feel a little uneasy about the impression he is making on the client.


And I remain sympathetic (I still feel sympathetic even now, as I pass 308 and observe not without a final pang of pleasure



the sight of Mr. Pinkus kicking his Schnauzer) when the client screams "Claude!" and the Prince of Peace chokes into his megaphone and the Mulatto leaps off Mrs. Context and lays out the client and the Prince of Peace bends over the client and begins kissing his eyelids and Mrs. Context takes the revolver out of the Kleenex dispenser and begins firing widely and wildly and Arnie starts yelling, "It's that damn lousy cat, we were happy, rich and upwardly-mobile until that stinking cat came along," and then the cops bust in and one of them takes a look at me and kicks me right in the source of my greatest regret, and I give a kind of yell and leap onto the windowsill.



Which is when it strikes me. And I look out. And it seems a long way down. So I look back into the room, then out again, and it doesn't seem so far anymore, and the air is warm, and I review my life, which has been reasonably interesting but on the whole lacking in any real substance, consisting largely of wandering around following various instincts which demand much and give little in return, and making strange and pointless noises in my throat for no reason except that they stop people from kicking me, though not always, and I think, what the hell.



So I step out and it's quite pleasant and now I'm passing apartment 101 in which Mr. Splanck the experimental artist is sitting by his telephone with a look of naked hopelessness on his grey sagging face and very shortly now I am going to discover if there is a God for us and if He is a panther or a jaguar or a cheetah or even, as some people say, a tree.



Yitzhak Shamir



Shimon Peres



Rajiv Gandhi

EWK

EWK (Gustave Ewert Karlsson) was born in Sweden in 1918, the son of a farmer. He was a ranch hand for 10 years, played the guitar in small cafes and sold occasional cartoons to the local farm journal before he became a full-time cartoonist in 1951.

EWK is the editorial cartoonist for the prestigious daily *Aftonbladet*, and the weekly *Land*. A brilliant draftsman, his work has been seen in virtually every journal in Sweden and many abroad, including the *New York Times*, *Newsweek*, *Punch*, *L'Express* and *Der Spiegel*.

EWK's album of humorous sketches and narrative, *Creation*, appeared in 1955. Since then, EWK has illustrated more than 50 books, 10 of them his own.

EWK was twice awarded first prize, as well as named "Cartoonist of the Year" at the International Pavilion of Humor, Montreal 1979.

Fidel Castro



Fidel Castro

Pope John Paul II



Margaret Thatcher



Ronald Reagan



Constantin Chernenko

THE HOLDING PATTERN

I wonder why Jack didn't want me to pick him up at the airport? What could go wrong? And on an ugly rainy day like this, what could be more soul satisfying than a sweet little wifey waiting serenely at the arrival gate? I'm early for a change, too. Plenty of time to drive across the bridge, dash onto the freeway and meet my darling spouse a la Pat Benatar, pantsuit flowing in the jet stream.

Hum, hum. Can you believe that stupid woman ahead of me making a full stop at the stop sign? You'd think there were cops around on a Sunday. Some people must like to sit around and admire stop sign asphalt. Not me. Efficiency is my middle name.

Drive, drive. Geez, that guy in front of me must be paying his toll in pennies. "Don't argue with the toll taker, you boob!" He's gonna argue. Well, I'll just relax and calmly pluck my eyebrows. One, two, three little stragglers. Ah . . . my turn.

"I hope you have change for a twenty . . . In quarters? . . . OK, OK . . . Yes, I'll help you count to 78 . . . You're welcome . . . Same to you too."

Zip, zip. I'm glad Jack left me his car. It does 80 without a rumble. "No, Officer, I'm not going to a fire . . . Yes, I know it says 55 . . . How was I to guess you were hiding behind that lumpy little hill? . . . No, I'm not being belligerent. See, I'm smiling." Smile, smile. "Yes, I'll be more careful next time . . . Thank you, Officer, you have a safe day too."

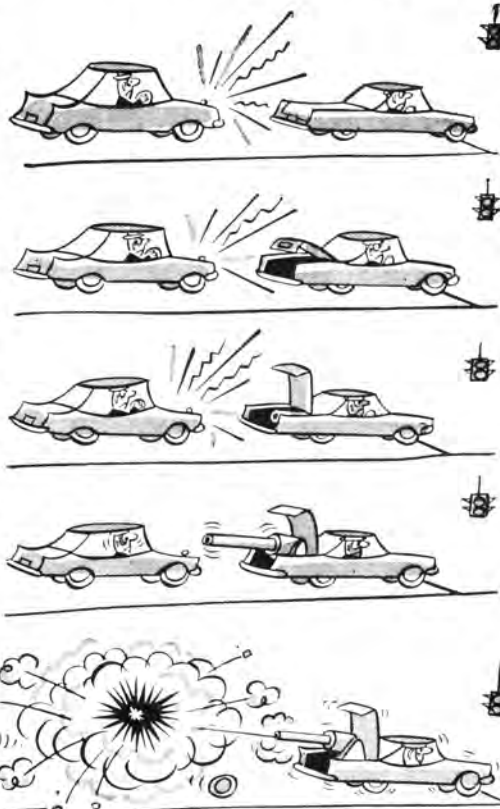
You'd think there weren't any dangerous criminals around the way they plague innocent taxpayers. Well, I hope I made the SOB's quota.

Creep, creep. "Don't honk your horn at me, you dodo. It says 55, I'm going 55 . . . Get off my bumper!" Some people are so illiterate they can't even decipher a speed limit sign. I'd like to stop short and let him go right through the windshield of his truck. That would teach him a lesson. It's lucky I'm good natured.

Honk, honk. I thought they were going to do something about this intersection. Three more stop lights. One, two, three. I wonder what sadist arranged the timing of the damn things. Oh well, I've still got 40 minutes.

In fact, I think I'll just pull into this gas station and get some gas. Jack will be pleased when he doesn't have to try to make it home on 1/18 of a tank. Considerate, that's the kind of person I am.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!



BRAD ANDERSON

Idle, idle. It's pouring outside. Where's the attendant? "Why shouldn't I toot my horn? . . . Yes, I can read . . . But I can't serve myself, I just did my nails . . . Certainly I know you're just doing your job." Unhook, crank, pull, fill. Pull, fill. Pull, fill. Yank. "Oh, lord, my new suede shoes!" Think positive, if I turn the heat on maybe the smell will evaporate before I get to the airport.

"Here's my credit card, my good man, and please hurry . . . You don't take this kind anymore? Which ones do you take? Oh, I see . . . Seventeen dollars and 43 cents? . . . Here you are. One quarter, two quarters . . ."

Vroom, vroom. I'm on my way. Tatiana, Chaz, Chanel. You'd think they would have more respect for the public than to keep naming streets after politicians.

There I go. 1011 North. It's a good thing I started early, there's sure a lot of traffic. Six million people with stick shifts on the way to a funeral.

Crawl, crawl. Hari-Kari Airport — 1 1/4 miles. Better get over in the right hand lane. "Can't you see I'm signalling, you

*@\$%8? . . . Well, here's to you!" Zip, zig. Made it. "The nerve of some people . . . Perver! . . . I hope your finger rots off from a social disease."

Hari-Kari Airport — right lane. Airport parking available — second right. Economy parking — right lane. Departing flights — hang left. Arriving flights — hang right. Air West, Delta, National, Northwest, P.S.A., United — keep left. Other airlines — keep right.

You're going to be proud of me, Jack. This time I remember what plane you're on.

Freeway — blend left. Parking: Daily Economy — Hourly — blend left.

Freeway — blend right. Parking: Daily Economy — Hourly — blend right.

Economy parking, Return terminal — left lane only. "1011 South? I'm back on the freeway? Oh, my god, Jack's plane lands in 15 minutes. They must have run out of parking space and changed the signs to keep customers in a holding pattern. Where's the off ramp?"

"Off ramp closed for smoothing. Detour via Cow Pasture Rd. — 3 miles."

Drive, drive. I knew I shouldn't have had three cups of coffee before I left the house. If I sneeze I'm finished. Think don't sneeze. Think serenity. Think of 23 painful deaths for traffic engineers. Ah, that's better.

Hari-Kari Airport — right lane. Airport parking available — second right. Economy parking — right lane. Departing flights — hang left. Arriving flights — hang right. Left lane — parking.

Well, I made it. I'll just grab a ticket and find a place to park. Central Terminal: Delta, Air West, P.S.A., United, Northwest. South Terminal: BOAC, Japan, Continental, Pan American, Phillipine, Quantas, Air California. "Some shrink has finally devised the perfect maze. I'll just put my car any old place."

Drive, drive. Circle, circle. Ah, a parking space. Get halfway in. Notice the motorcycle there. Back out. Notice the expression on the man's face behind you as he waits for you to back out. He thinks he is getting a good parking place. Life has small pleasures after all.

Here we go. One compact car space tailored just right for a lady in a hurry. Squeeze. Hope the guy next to me has power steering. Well, that's his problem. Slam! Trot, trot. Look at all those lovely painted lines showing me which way to

BY PAT KITE

go. Yellow, orange, green and blue. I feel just like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz.

"The escalators aren't running? Why not? Some kid stuffed his bubble gum where?"

Stomp, stomp. Oh well, I need the exercise. "Excuse me, Miss, has flight 193 landed from Dallas? . . . Just pulling in? Bless you."

I'd better dash into the rest room. Can't meet Jack looking like this. Crossed-knees aren't becoming. Tinkle-tinkle. Where's the toilet paper? It's stuck in the holder. Scratch, scratch, shred, shred, sound of finger-nail breaking. Obscene sound.

Run, run. Stop. "I have to wait in line? . . . My purse goes there? . . . Through that machine? . . . Airport security? . . . All of you? . . . Has there been a bomb threat? . . . No, I didn't say bomb . . . Honest, I didn't . . . Right, can't be too careful. . . Good day to you too, officer."

Pant, pant, Glide, glide. Kiss, kiss. "Jack, you sweetheart. I'm so glad to have you back. . . No, I didn't take a bath in gasoline. Trouble getting to the airport? Not at all. I told you I can be efficient when I want to be."

Walk, walk. "Now tell your sweet little

wifey how your trip was . . . You had to pay \$20 in overweight? . . . It's samples? . . . A new line of cans? . . . Well, it doesn't make any difference. You'll soon be nice and cozy at home."

Haul, haul. "Porter, porter! . . . You're not a porter? . . . Sorry about that." Carry, carry. "Where did I park the car? Where it said Left lane — parking. . . What level? Is there more than one? . . . Of course I remember where I put the car. It's right next to the red Volkswagon with te leopard skin upholstery. . . Don't yell at me, Jack. . . I'm going to lose my serene if you say that once more. . . No, I'm not going to look for the car while you wait for me. I came all the way here so we could be together, and we're going to be together!"

Drag, drag. Sweat, sweat. "Darling, aren't you the least bit glad I came to get you? . . . If you wanted to suffer you would have turned off the air conditioning in your hotel room? . . . You won't say anything more if I promise not to do it again? Why shouldn't I? . . . No, I don't think picking your husband up at the airport is good grounds for divorce."

Not exactly.

bella tops worse dressed women



World-famous designer Lou Classe announced today the list of the "10 most offensive" women on the well-known worst-dressed list.

Topping the list is Bella Abzug, whom Classe decries as an offense to femininity. He says she resembles Mrs. McGregor of the Cabbage Patch, only her kids are better looking than she is.

Second runner up is "Make-me-gag" Joan Rivers whom Classe pronounces "a stick figure in tacky taffeta and hair spray who should be held under the shower and have more than her mouth washed out with soap."

Other famous females on the list include Michael Jackson whom Lou describes as the rhinestone cowgirl only even horses can't stand the hair oil "she" wears.

Right behind Michael is Prince, whom Classe refuses to believe even bears any secondary male characteristics and dresses like "Tinkerbell." Even Wendy's nightgown looked better.

Other notables include Diana Ross who "used to look good" until she tried to outdo Michael.

Also gaining recognition is Vanessa Williams whom Classe says made the list for "undressing" with such tackiness.

Famous murderer Jean Harris really needs help, says Lou. "She looks awful in stripes — at least a belt would help. And, she needs a good diet doctor."

Also appearing is Victoria Principal whom Classe despises for always running around in leotards. "She is intimidating and obnoxious to the unmuscle majority in this country."

No list would be complete without that "nightmare from some other planet," Boy George, whom Lou says just gives him the creeps and has no business calling himself a boy anything.

And, of course, the list had to include Joanna Carson. "Tacky, tacky," says Classe. "Obviously, that poor woman needs more money for some decent clothes."

Classe himself is of course famous for his turkey pants and docksiders. The only "true American garb worthy of wearing."



Waist Watchers



Clifford Gallo

J. Graham

You know its time to go on a diet when you see a Save the Whales bumper sticker and wonder where they got your picture. It's time to go on a diet when the sales clerk suggests you consider grease as an accessory with your new jeans. It's definitely time to diet when your mate suggests a winter-long hibernation when you ask how you'll fit into your favorite pants.

Losing weight requires a certain amount of psychological preparation — something like — "OK, blimpo, time to wire the jaws," or "Are you a man or a dirigible?"

Diet groups and clubs never work for me. The rationale behind diet club thinking involves brainwashing — you try to believe that starvation is fun. Try that in Ethiopia, and see how far you get. Further, clubs like Fatbusters try to get you to believe that bland tasteless meals

made with celery sticks and essence of beef are tasty. Not true, as anyone who's every fallen off the wagon, or the refrigerator, with a triple chocolate-mocha-ice cream cheesecake, can attest.

People often ask: "What's the best way to thin those thighs? Old-fashioned dieting — cutting out snacks, sweets and anything that makes life pleasurable, or should you try a new age diet, specifically one recommended by the *New York Times*' bestseller list, or by the *National Enquirer*?"

Star-gazing is always fun, so why not try a Hollywood diet? Here are a few suggestions: the Seesaw Diet, commonly practiced by Elizabeth and Marlon Brando. Gain weight. Lose weight. Gain. Lose. Gain. Lose. Just make sure you quit the diet when you're on the down cycle. If this doesn't work and you end up look-

ing like Orson Welles, tell people you're gaining weight for a new film role ala Robert DeNiro.

Or try the Dynasty Diet, also known as the "rhymes with rich" diet. Spend your time trying to disrupt the lives of those around you with malicious gossip. You'll be too busy to even think about food. How do you think Alexis keeps trim?

If you're not into Hollywood try these diets: The Bodystocking Diet, which basically involves filling your house with mirrors while you schlep around the hosue in a spandex bodystocking. One look at that paunch, or those thunder thighs, and your appetite will be scared away.

One of my favorite diets is called the Good Intentions Weight Reduction Plan. The plan is very easy to follow. Eat whatever you like and tell yourself you're trying

to lose weight. It's the thought that counts anyway.

The Observation Diet is perfect for people who like to eat out. Find a crowded restaurant, and run to a dirty table or booth, preferably after the previous occupants have left. Then smile and pat your stomach, saying, "Am I stuffed!" One hazard of this diet is getting stuck with the check.

Finally, for adults only, is the Centerfold Diet. Tape the Pet or Hunk of the Month, whichever applies, to your refrigerator door. When the urge to eat rumbles through your weakened body — look at the photo and then down at your stomach, thighs or rear-view — and ask, "Would she/he go after this body?" Have a carrot stick.

Dieting can have religious significance.

As any Catholic schoolkid can tell you

— suffering is good. Offer it up for the poor souls in purgatory, as Sr. Mary Discipline would say. Or think about the poor starving people in China. Of course, if you mail food to the poor starving people in China be sure not to include the return address. Ever see a lamb chop after it's been through a cancelling machine?

Exercise is a great way to lose weight and grocery shopping is one of the best exercises. Push. Turn. Down aisle 6, up aisle 9 — your muscles will thank you. Shopping when you're on a diet can offer many pleasures — of which I'll tell you as soon as I figure out what they are.

Dieters should also learn about the four basic food groups: 1) Good Food such as cake, chocolate and sweets, 2) Diet Food — green leafy things suitable for hamsters, 3) Health Food, which in limited amounts

is edible if you're feeling masochistic and 4) Low-calorie Food, which has reduced calories and taste. Low-calorie foods are a cooperative effort on the part of Mother Nature — 50% comes from her and the other 50% from Mother's Industrial Chemicals. Low-calorie food is an edible version of a Hollywood special effect.

One might think that shopping on a diet would leave one with extra money. A logical assumption, since one is buying less. Not true. Diet foods, with the exception of that first-stage greenery fed to rodents, cost more.

After a week, or a day, if you're an impatient waist watcher, you'll be running to your bathroom scale for the verdict. Don't blame the scale.

It didn't have a Mt. St. Helens Sundae at the ice cream parlor last night.

Man of the Year - Cont.

We also feel that John DeLorean should be our Man-of-the-year because he is taller than anyone else. People seeing him for the first time might often mistake him for an aging professional basketball player were it not for his complexion. Of course, if we had been using girth instead of height as a criteria our choice would have been a tie between Tip O'Neill and Ted Kennedy.

The *Sting* Man-of-the-year should also come fully equipped with *chutzpah*, the Yiddish word for gall and brazenness., DeLorean has *chutzpah* coming out his ears. Doctors say he has to be as tall as he is just to accommodate the amount of *chutzpah* he contains.



Now there are some who say that Walter Mondale had a lot of *chutzpah* when he promised to raise taxes if people elected him president. There are others who say that Ronald Reagan showed even more *chutzpah* by promising not to raise taxes with the deficit going into outer space. There are even more who claim that Tip O'Neill has the most *chutzpah* of all because he blames Reagan for the deficit but always backs the biggest and silliest social programs without a thought of cost or where the money will come from.

Mondale, Reagan and O'Neill have far more *chutzpah* than the average person but John DeLorean has more *chutzpah* than all three of them combined. Who but John DeLorean would take advertisements in the press asking the American people to send him money to defray his huge legal expenses? And this after so many Americans had stared enviously at his luxurious lifestyle.

But DeLorean has always been able to figure out the American people. He could visualize a housewife in a print dress taking a fiver from her purse and putting it beside a stamped envelope on her oilcloth covered kitchen table.

"I was going to buy some ice cream for the kids," she informs her husband, "or maybe send this money to the starving in Ethiopia, but I've found a greater need. I'm sending our last five bucks to John DeLorean."

Yes, John DeLorean is *Sting's* first Man-of-the-year. He's the man who stung

the stingers. Rogues have always been popular in American history and John's public vicissitudes seem to have dimmed his popularity and charm not a wit. People are apparently still sending him money.

We feel even more secure in our choice of John DeLorean as Man-of-the-year than the Miss America officials felt when they placed their crown on Vanessa Williams, who placed third in our Man-of-the-year sweepstakes. We can't see ourselves having to take away John's honors at some later date because we found out he posed in the buff or in leather.

But, on second thought, where money is concerned one can never be certain when it comes to John DeLorean.



All in a Day's Transportation

(Or Happy New Year, Commuters of the World!)

by George Marer

7:38 AM: Back to work. OK, no big deal — this is going to be a *good* year — everybody's saying that. Coffee pot's off. OK, shut the door. Damn, left the keys inside. What a way to start the morning. Isn't there some story about it being bad luck to go back for something. But, Geez, I'm a grown man — I'm not superstitious — C'mon already.

7:40 AM: OK, got the keys; door's locked. Oh no, now I left the stupid briefcase inside. I'm really pushing my luck — it must be risky to go back a second time. Forget the briefcase. But, my damn glasses are in it. OK, back inside, got the keys, got the briefcase, lock the door.

7:42 AM: Now, just relax. If I run I'll make the bus. It would have to start drizzling and I don't have my umbrella. But, heck, the bus will be here any minute.

7:44 AM: That blasted driver — probably sitting somewhere drinking his morning coffee. Now it's really raining. I'm gonna be soaked.

7:48 AM: How come the creep's never late when the sun's shining? I'm going to catch a cold. It's pouring.

7:54 AM: He hasn't been this late since *last* winter when it was 15 below zero. Now even my shirt is getting wet. Finally, here he comes. Splat! Idiot just had to hit that puddle at 50 miles an hour. My feet feel like two chunks of ice.

8:00 AM: Thank God, there's even a seat. Now just calm down. Oh, wonderful, I'm sneezing and what the heck is this wet feeling in my pants. Oh, no, this is too much.

Driver, there's water coming in this window.

Oh, yeah, forgot to tell you that's why nobody's sitting there.

Oh, great — thanks a lot for the warning.

8:05 AM: Now I'm standing and even my underwear is soaked. It also feels like Siberia, it's so cold.

Excuse me, Ma'am. If you'd just lift your left foot; your high heel is right in the middle of my right toe.

And your elbow is in my ribs.

Well, just move a little and I can get my arm around you.

You animal! You wouldn't dare!

8:10 AM: I'm running a fever. My teeth are chattering. I've turned into a lump of ice. God, I'm sick as a dog.

If you move any closer to me I'll call the police you pervert! I'm a happily married woman!

No, Ma'am.

What do you mean, No Ma'am?

Yes, Ma'am.

8:15 AM: I wish this driver would turn some heat on. I can't faint here — I have to wait til we get to my stop.

Ma'am, would you just ring the bell for me, please. I don't want you to scream at me again.

How dare you make passes at me, you gigolo!

Listen, I'm just sick and I have to get off.

Oh, no. This man is fainting. Let him off!

8:30 AM: I'm 15 minutes late? Sorry. Yes, sir. I sure will take off one hour. No, nothing happened. I just forgot my umbrella and the bus . . . nothing, forget it.

...

5:00 PM: I thought this day would never end. I wish I knew whether my eyes are making my nose run or the other way around. There's a lump in my throat and I'm losing my voice. Those damn aspirins never helped at all — just gave me a stomach ache and the cough medicine only made me feel dizzy on top of the palpitations from all the caffeine in the coffee I drank to keep warm. I must look like hell or that guy wouldn't have given

me a quarter to get a cup of hot soup at lunchtime. Now he owes me 50¢.

5:08 PM: This afternoon guy is always late and I'm not looking forward to hearing his abuse. Suddenly I'm hot — suffocating. I want to take my coat off.

5:16 PM: Oh, great — now I'm freezing and the dope's driving with the windows open. And, just my luck, I don't have any change — spent it on that damn soup. Maybe somebody will break a five for me.

Listen, driver. I've got to get change from somebody. I'll be right back.

Sir, could you change a five for me? Ma'am? Anybody? Oh, God, I'm sorry. Didn't mean to land in your pretty lap. Thank you. Thank you very much.

OK, here's my fare. Take it easy, wouldja?

One seat left — by the window, but now if I just stick my briefcase next to the window I can rest my arm on it and hang onto my aching head. But, it's so cold.

Hey, somebody help me shut this window?

Yeah, it's freezing. We pay enough to at least get heat on this wreck!

OK, I'll ask him. Driver, can we have some heat back here?

What damn heat? You think I'm the one who likes to freeze?

OK, OK, forget it. I'll just sit down here quietly on the steps and think about a nice soothing scotch when I get home.



All in a Day's Transportation - cont.

I got nothin' to say about it! I'm supposed to be in command here — This is MY bus! (He's managed to get his foot against my nose and he's exerting considerable pressure to get me off of HIS bus.)

5:24 PM: I'm lying down in the aisle now, trying to get away from his foot while his voice screams above me and I feel like he's getting bigger and meaner by the minute.

I hate guys like you — get on and complain, complain. You want heat? I'll give you some heat!

My hand gets caught under the accelerator and takes a hill at a nice slow pace while I listen to what sounds like the cracking of my knuckles.

Heat costs money and we ain't got money in this city, Jerk! He kicked the accelerator and ground my hand into a pulp until I knew the true meaning of pain.

This is MY bus. This is where I work and I don't need jerks like you coming in and ruining my day. I'm gonna make sure you never ride my bus again.

I've never experienced such torment. I've got the chills and my teeth are chattering. I'm barely semi-conscious and feel like somebody is tearing my guts out and rolling them up in a ball.

I'll save my buddies from ever having a jerk like you.

I broke away from the accelerator when he had to lift his foot at a stop and crawled back toward the others who'd been anxious enough to send me into his clutches to get the heat turned on but who now won't even look me in the eye.

Why am I always the one? Why can't I let somebody else get in trouble? I thought I was being polite. How come I'm the idiot who thinks that every fare increase means better service? When will I learn that the passenger is the dreg of society — the driver the king. Why do I still assume that I live in a democracy where the majority rules. Why am I the one? Why? Why?

I make a vow. I swear that I will keep my big mouth shut and never ever complain again now matter how I hate what I see and how unjust I feel it is.

I mumble some depreciating apologies from my humble position and rise as we get to my stop. With a final kick, to my groin, my torturer picked me up by the back of the neck and held me in mid-air.

Feelin' the heat now, buddy? Learned your lesson about bothering the driver? Swear you'll never get on my bus again?

I can only shake my wobbling head at every threat but the final shake wrenches a scream from my guts as he throws me out the door.

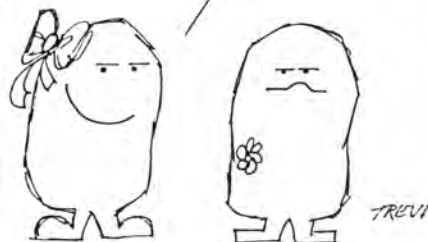
5:35 PM: My own scream woke me up and I opened my eyes to the kindly face

ZINGERS.

I ALWAYS WANTED TO
MEET AN UNSELFISH PERSON.



I STILL DO.



of the woman next to me. She was gently tapping my knee to tell me this was the last stop.

...

One day . . . just one normal day going to work a couple of years ago. But, I've driven my own poor car ever since. I'm not superstitious though. Just not pushing my luck.

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WITH SNOW IN HIS HAIR, BUT WITH SUMMER IN HIS HEART

The following is a delightful example of how a suave, smooth-tongued member of the bar handled a very "touchy" situation. The Clerk's Certificate attached to the original document verifies that this is an accurate record of the proceedings filed in District Court in McLennan County, Texas, on February 13, 1935.

Now comes the Defendant, Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad Company of Texas, a corporation, and, with leave of the Court First had and obtained, filed this its first Amended Original Answer and Cross-Action herein, and for such shows to the Court as follows:

Defendant demurs generally to the allegations in Plaintiff's petition contained and says the same are not sufficient, in law, to constitute a cause of action against it, and of this it prays judgement of the Court.

For further answer if necessary, this defendant denies, all and singular, the allegations in said petition contained and demands strict proof thereof.

Answering further, if need there be, this defendant Railroad Company would reveal to the Court that, in truth and in fact, the Plaintiff, Mrs. Hattie Beatty, for several nights prior to the occasion of which she now complains, had strolled by the signal tower in question and, on each occasion, personally propositioned this Defendant's employee at said tower, One Dockery, to engage with her in an ancient and popular pastime.

That the said Dockery, an old and trusted employee, a man of over sixty winters, with snow in his hair, but with summer in his heart; that the faint odor of Hoyt's Perfume touched his delicate nostrils and the full red painted lips and rouged cheeks of this modern young aphrodite brought back youthful thoughts to his aging head; although the season was fall-time, the sap began to rise in his erotic soul as in romantic springtime of yore, it was on the unlucky night of Friday, the 13th of September, A.D., 1934, that the Dockery finally succumbed to Plaintiff's romantic allurence, the price being one dollar, paid in advance.

That, in all truthfulness, the only mechanical contrivance or unique lever

about the said tower in which the Plaintiff expressed any interest whatsoever was that which hung on the person of the said Dockery.

That this Defendant Railroad Company had not equipped its said signal tower for any such passionate purpose, and had, in fact, instructed its said employee to admit no visitors thereto, but that unbeknown to this Defendant the said Dockery permitted the Plaintiff to come up into the crowded quarters of said tower to indulge with him in an indoor session of Spanish Athletics; that while she reclined upon a cushioned chair, and unfolded her female charms to his approach, her bare knee did touch an open electric switch upon the wall of said tower, thereby creating an electrical contact quite different from the contact for which she was prepared; that either from shocked surprise at the seemingly remarkable amative powers of the said Dockery, or for other reasons unknown to this Defendant, the said Plaintiff sank to the floor of said tower in an apparent swoon, leaving the said Dockery unrewarded and bewildered, with raiment disarranged, and struggling desperately to operate his signals for a fast train which he discovered at that moment approaching unexpectedly upon Defendant's tracks.

That, as to this Defendant, the transaction in question was ultra vires and completely outside the scope of employment of the said Dockery, and clearly without benefit to this Defendant Corporation, except for the publicity that might possibly attend this proof to the world of the exemplary manner in which the Katy Railroad cares for and preserves the virility of its aging employees.

That if it should be held, however, that the said Dockery was, on the occasion in question, acting for this defendant Rail-

road Company, which is, as the Court has often heard Plaintiff's Counsel charge, a heartless and bloodless corporation, a poor creature of the statute, without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity, and physically incapable of becoming enraptured in the ethereal paroxysms of love, then, and in that event only, this defendant pleads that the Plaintiff was guilty of contributory negligence in the following respects:

That said Dockery urged the Plaintiff to remove herself from the cushioned chair to the floor of the tower in order that his engagement might be fulfilled in the good old American way, but that Plaintiff proclaimed her proficiency and maintained her ability to handle the entire situation from her position in the chair, and that she remained in said chair contrary to Dockery's urgent solicitations and entreaties and received the electric shock as a direct and proximate result of her insistence upon departing from well-recognized precedent; that Plaintiff was negligent in failing to pursue her activities horizontally from the floor, in the time-honored, accepted, and orthodox style, and that her failure to do so proximately contributed to cause her injuries, if any.

That if it should be held that the said Dockery was acting for this Defendant Railroad Corporation and that, through some manner of judicial reasoning unknown to it, this Defendant should be held to have enjoyed vicariously the benefits anticipated by the said Dockery from his relations with the Plaintiff, then and in that event this Defendant shows that there has been a complete failure of consideration in that there was no contact as agreed.

That in any event, it is a matter of judicial knowledge that the business in which Plaintiff was engaged entails certain ordinary risks, one of the least of which is the risk of being shocked, and in this connection, it is shown that the Plaintiff held herself out as an expert in her art, while the said Dockery was, to any observant eye, a man fresh from the soil and reared in the manners of the pioneer countryside, a man entirely untrained to innovations of perpendicular postures and therefore completely unable to anticipate Plaintiff's new-fangled hip and knee movements from a cushioned chair, or to warn Plaintiff of the probable consequences thereof, and that Plaintiff assumed the risk of her injuries, if any.

And now, becoming actor herein only in the event the Court should hold that the said Dockery represented this Defendant Corporation in the transaction in

Continued next page



HE LOST HIS PRESENCE OF MIND

A modern parable about looking before leaping

To: No Fault Insurance Co.

Dear Sir:

I am writing in response to your request for additional information. In block number 3 of the accident report form, I put quote — poor planning — unquote as the cause of my accident. You said in your letter that I should explain more fully, and I trust that the following details will be sufficient.

I am a bricklayer by trade. On the day of the accident, I was working alone on the roof of a new six story building. When I completed my work, I discovered that I had about 500 pounds of brick left over. Rather than carry the bricks down by hand, I decided to lower them in a barrel by using a pulley which fortunately was attached to the side of the building, at the sixth floor.

Securing the rope at ground level, I went up to the roof, swung the barrel out, and loaded the bricks into it. Then I went back to the ground and untied the rope, holding it tightly to ensure a slow descent of the 500 pounds of bricks. You will note in block number 11 of the report form that I weigh 185 pounds.

Due to my surprise at being jerked off the ground so suddenly, I lost my presence of mind and forgot to let go of the rope. Needless to say, I proceeded at a rather rapid rate up the side of the building.

In the vicinity of the third floor, I met

the barrel coming down. This explains the fractured skull and broken collarbone.

Slowed only slightly, I continued my rapid ascent, not stopping until the fingers of my right hand were two knuckles deep into the pulley.

Fortunately, by this time I had regained my presence of mind and was able to hold tightly to the rope in spite of my pain.

At approximately the same time, however, the barrel of bricks hit the ground — and the bottom fell out of the barrel. Devoid of the weight of the bricks, the barrel now weighed approximately fifty pounds.

I refer you again to my weight in block number 11. As you might imagine, I began a rapid descent down the side of the building.

In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel coming up. This accounts for the two fractured ankles and the lacerations of my legs and lower body. The encounter with the barrel slowed me enough to lessen my injuries when I fell onto the pile of bricks and, fortunately, only three vertebrae were cracked.

I am sorry to report, however, that as I lay there on the bricks — in pain, unable to stand, and watching the empty barrel six stories above me — I again lost my presence of mind — I let go of the rope.

Yours truly,

I.R. Hurt

Reprinted from unknown but creative sources.

WITH SNOW IN HIS HAIR, BUT WITH SUMMER IN HIS HEART

question, which will never be admitted, this defendant shows as against Plaintiff that its agent Dockery did pay to the said Plaintiff one Devalued Dollar of United States currency, and received no value therefor, as agreed by Plaintiff, and that said Dollar has never been returned to its owner, and that, under all the facts hereinabove alleged, it is entitled to recover said sum of money.

WHEREFORE, this Defendant Railroad Company prays that Plaintiff take nothing in this suit, as did the said Dockery take nothing from Plaintiff, and that,

in the alternative alledge, it recover from Plaintiff the sum of one dollar and all costs of suit herein, and that its virtue be in all things vindicated, and that it be further relieved of all possible insinuations against its chastity that may arise as the result of this law suit, and for such other relief as it may merit.

Attorneys for Defendant

Filed February 13th, 1935

District Courts,

McLennan County, Texas

Excuses, Excuses

Many have experienced the confusion of traffic accidents and have had to try to summarize exactly what happened in a few words or less on insurance or accident forms.

The following quotes were taken from these insurance forms.

Coming home, I drove into the wrong house and collided with a tree I don't have.

I thought my window was down, but found out it was up when I put my hand through it.

I collided with a stationary truck coming the other way.

A truck backed through my windshield into my wife's face.

A pedestrian hit me and went under my car.

The guy was all over the road. I had to swerve a number of times before I hit him.

I had been shopping for plants all day and was on my way home. As I reached an intersection, a hedge sprang up obscuring my vision. I did not see the other car.

I had been driving my car for forty years when I fell asleep at the wheel and had an accident.

I was on my way to the doctor's office with rear end trouble when my universal joint gave way causing me to have an accident.

As I approached the intersection, a stop sign suddenly appeared in a place where no stop sign had ever appeared before. I was unable to stop in time to avoid the accident.

My car was legally parked as it backed into the other vehicle.

An invisible car came out of nowhere, struck my vehicle, and vanished.

I told the police that I was not injured, but on removing my hat, I found that I had a skull fracture.

I was sure the old fellow would never make it to the other side of the roadway when I struck him.

The pedestrian had no idea which direction to go, so I ran over him.

The indirect cause of this accident was a little guy in a small car with a big mouth. The telephone pole was approaching fast. I was attempting to swerve out of its path when it struck my front end.

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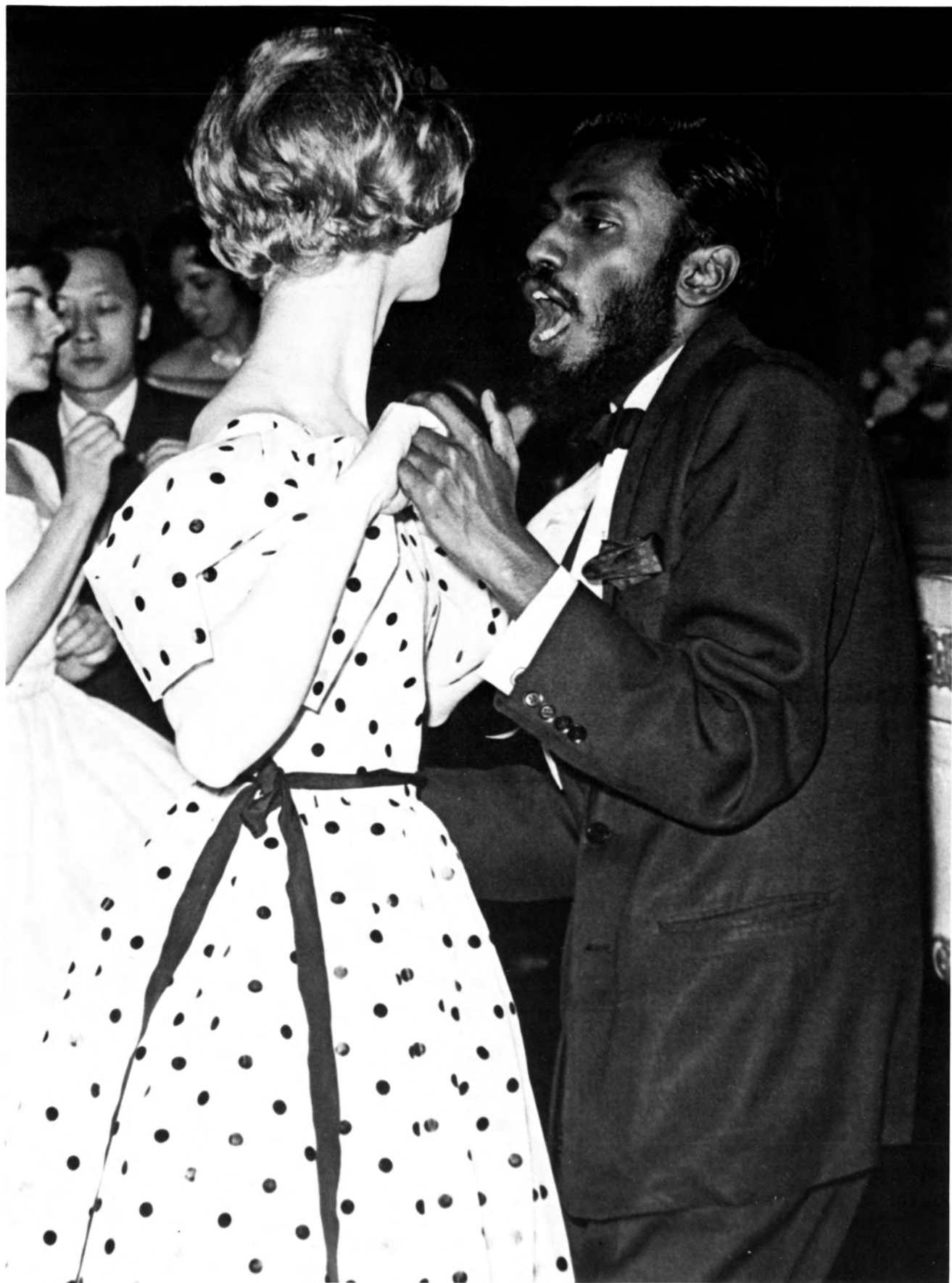
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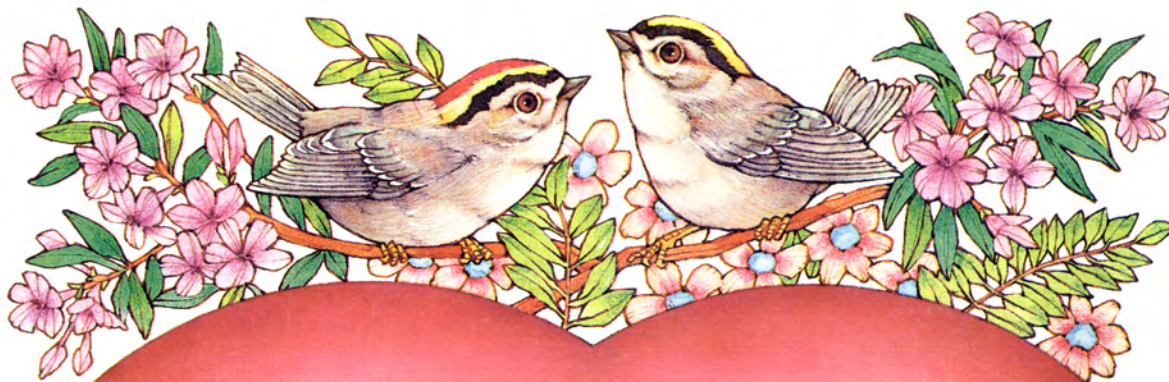
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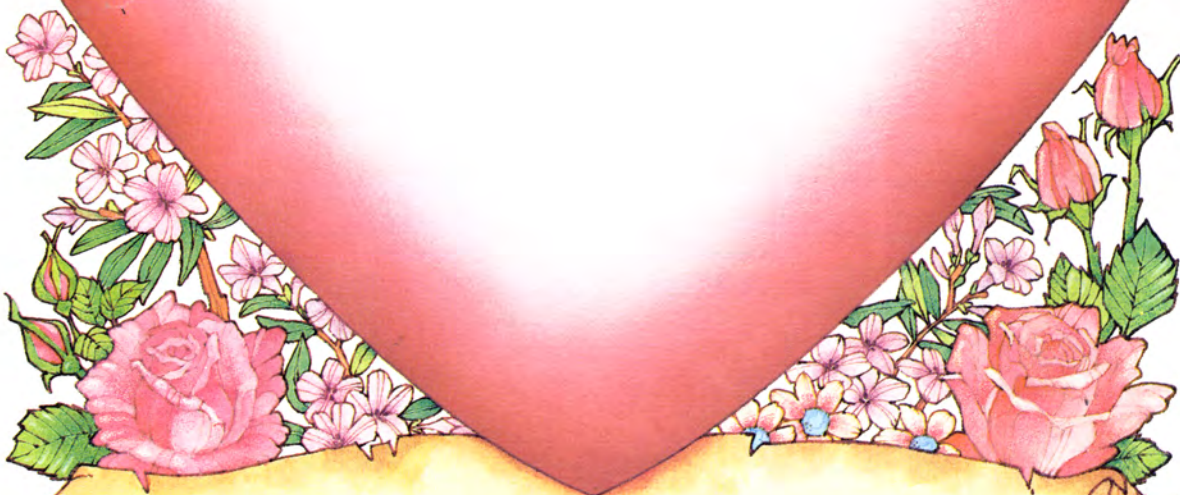
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